WALKER'S
HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:
OR,
Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge.

FOR APRIL, 1808.

In this Month we preſent our Readers with the Likeneſs of that truly patriotic and benevolent Gentleman, SIR JOHN NEWPORT, Bart.—whoſe unceaſing efforts for the general and individual welfare of every deſcription of his Couutrymen, entitle him, as a Senator and a Man, to the firſt and warmeſt place in their affections.

Account of the Death of Mr. Paull. (With a Portrait.)

ON Saturday evening, April 16, an inquiſition was held before G. Hougſon, eſq. coroner for the county of Middleſex, on a view of the body of the deceaſed, who, it appeared, had terminated his exiſtence the preceding day, by cutting his throat.—The jury aſſembled at the houſe of the deceaſed, No. 2, Charles-ſtreet, St. James's-ſquare, and having ſeen the body, which remained in a bed-chamber on the ſecond floor, they proceeded to examine the domeſtics relative to the melancholy cataſtrophe. It appeared from the evidence of the butler and houſekeeper, that mr. Paull went out on Thurſday night, and returned home (generally ſuppoſed from the Union) about five o'clock on Friday morning. His butler and valet attended him to his chamber, and the deceaſed ordered the houſekeeper to ſend him ſome ſoda water, which he drank He then requeſted that he might not be diſturbed, and ordered the ſervant not to come to his apartment till he rung the bell. About two o'clock a gentleman called to the houſe, who they underſtood to be general Ruſſell: he delivered a letter which was carried up to mr. Paull, and the ſervant came down without any anſwer. Between four and five o'clock general Ruſſell called again, and was introduced to mr. Paull in his chamber. He remained a ſhort time with the deceaſed, and went down alone and let himſelf out. (The converſation between general Ruſſell and mr. Paull was not known, as general Ruſſell was not at the inqueſt). Between five and ſix o'clock the houſekeeper went up ſtairs with intention to make her maſter's fire, when ſhe diſtinctly heard the deceaſed groan. In attempting to open his room door, ſhe found it locked within; ſhe had never known her maſter to lock his door before:

before; she then run down and alarmed the butler, and they went into the room adjoining the chamber of the deceased. In this room a door opened into the deceased's chamber, which they found unlocked. On going in, the deceased appeared lying on the bed undressed, with his arm and head lying on a wash-hand stand at the right foot of the bed, his throat cut in a dreadful manner, and the floor covered with blood; a razor was found, which appeared to have fallen from his left hand, with which it was evident he had inflicted the wound in his throat, beginning under the right ear. The deceased was not quite dead, but speechless and insensible. The butler lifted the deceased, laid him at length on the bed, and immediately went for surgeon Brodie, of Sackville-street. When mr. Brodie arrived, the deceased was dead.—On examination of the body he found the wind-pipe nearly severed, and three wounds inflicted on his right arm with a surgeon's lancet, which was found between the bedding and the wash hand stand. The wounds on his arm, in the opinion of mr. Brodie, would not have occasioned his death.

Mr. Brodie further mentioned, that he had attended mr. Paull during his long illness, and had observed an alteration in his intellects, to which he attributed the act he had committed.

Mr. Sloper, mr. Paull's solicitor, stated, he had lately observed a great alteration in the conduct of the deceased. Mr. Paull had frequently called at his office, to consult him on his affairs, and notwithstanding he advised him on every occation for the best, mr. Paull obstinately refused to accede to his advice, and maintained opinions injurious to his own interests.

The fact of the mental derangement of the deceased was also confirmed by the evidence of the hon. Butler Danvers, the confident friend of mr. Paull, at the Grampound election. Mr. Paull appeared in good spirits, but after the election a visible alteration took place in his behaviour. On his return to town, mr. B. rode with him, and during a journey of 80 miles he was unable to obtain one sentence from him, though he had spoken to him several times, with intention to enter into conversation. Mr. Paull also, on that occasion drank only water. It was stated in other instances, that the deceased had evinced symptoms of mental derangement; and the jury, after a sensible charge from the coroner found their verdict —*Lunacy*.

Great anxiety was evinced by many respectable persons during Saturday, to ascertain the truth of the report respecting mr. Paull's death, and in the evening the parlour where the jury sat was crowded by visitants, to hear the particulars of the melancholy suicide. It is stated that mr. Butler Danvers and mr. Sloper found a will made by mr. Paull, which they sealed up in his secretaire, until the arrival of his relatives in town. It does not appear that mr. Paull has left any family.—He had furnished his house a short time previous to his death, in a very superb stile. The expence of furniture alone is said to amount to 4000l.—Two days before his death, a servant was employed to carry his books to the India house. Among other incoherent observations, in which mr. Paull had indulged previous to his death, he one day said, 'when he died, which would be soon, he trusted that his body would be conveyed back to the East Indies and blown up.' His wounds had for a long time given him great pain, particularly the one he received in a duel during his residence in India, which latterly deprived him of his right arm. The one he had received in his dispute with sir Francis Burdett he neglected very much.

He

He had for some time, it is said, paid his addresses to a young lady of respectability and fortune. It is supposed that his first design was by opening a vein to bleed to death, but that, urged by the importunities of his servants in calling on him, he had recourse to the razor, with which he perpetrated the fatal deed.

It is far from our intention to insult the memory of this unfortunate man.—Whatever his follies and his vices may have been, he has now ceased from troubling the world, but his character and his conduct ought to be the subject of some observation, since he had forced himself into the notice of mankind, and it is therefore a duty to society to hold him forth as a warning to those who may act from similar motives and with similar views.—He was by no means destitute of abilities, which might have enabled him to pass respectably through life, if his conduct had been directed by right principles. But he was vain, selfish, and ungrateful.—He had acquired some fortune in the East Indies but not sufficient to justify the style of life which he adopted on his return to this country. In this respect, however, he was actuated by policy rather than pride, for he thought by instituting charges against marquis Wellesley, he should have raised himself into distinction, and perhaps be bribed into silence. His ingratitude to that nobleman was of the basest kind, and he was properly punished by the deepest mortification, when he found that the marquis instead of entering into any compromise with his worthless antagonist, courted an inquiry into his conduct, and looked for a recompence of his great services in the approbation of his country.—But mr. Paull had in a great measure accomplished his purpose, for he became known to the public, and in order to keep his name alive he not only preserved in his charges against marquis Wellesley, but allied himself with the most desperate political faction in this country: and, to complete the measure of his silly ambition, announced himself as a candidate for the representation of Westminster. The violence and scurrility with which he endeavoured to support his pretensions were as obvious as his vanity and presumption. At length it was found by the desperate party to whom we allude, that his finances were not in a prosperous way; and therefore, considering him as likely to be rather a burthen than a useful instrument, it was determined that he should be discarded, and the office was left to a man grown grey in artifice, and whose craft is only equalled by the hardness of his heart. But this man had an additional motive for readily undertaking the despicable office, since his interest was affected, and he feared that mr. Paull might be a rival in his designs upon a dupe whom he wished to keep exclusively to himself.—Mr. Paull then, without the shadow of any reason that his own party could urge for this unexampled dismission, was at once doomed to be the mark for a public attack, in order to bring on him disgrace and misery. The design was obvious, the manner was contemptible.—Mr. Paull answered this attack with spirit and ability, and produced damning proofs of the duplicity and falsehood of the man who assailed him, which also deeply implicated the person whom the latter intended by these means to secure to himself.

The rest of mr. Paull's history is well known. He engaged in a duel with sir Francis Burdett, whom he had really never offended, except by using his name in an advertisement in such a manner as their intimacy and their joint political views fully justified. The result of this duel was a wound, which, with the embarrassments of mr. Paull's situation, from

which

which there was no proſpect of relief, gradually impaired his intellects, and at length, ſtung with ſhame, mortification, and deſpair, drove him to the dreadful reſource of ſuicide. His chief aſſailant, if he has any feeling, will perhaps indulge a ſavage triumph over his deplorable end; but all his other enemies, if they have any thing liberal in their nature, will pity his miſerable fate, however they may deſpiſe the folly and abhor the vices by which it was occaſioned.

Anecdotes of Schmitz, a German Artiſt.

SOME years ago, while profeſſor Krahe was ſuperintendant of the gallery of paintings at Duſſeldorff, he received a viſit from a young baker of the town; who, after a very ſhort introduction, took a book out of his pocket, which he preſented to mr. Krahe, expreſſing a deſire that he would purchaſe it. The ſuperintendant found upon examination, that it was a prayer book, ornamented, in the ancient ſtyle of religious foppery, with a number of coloured figures and engravings. It was the one which the elector Clement Auguſtus, of Cologne, had ordered to be publiſhed, and was become very ſcarce and valuable. The profeſſor enquired whence he had it; and the young man anſwered, with a modeſt bluſh, that it was a copy from one he had borrowed. 'By whom?' 'By myſelf,' rejoins the youth. Upon a cloſe examination, mr. Krahe could ſcarcely diſtinguiſh the copy from the original. He could not conceal his ſurpriſe, and aſked, why he did not practice engraving, rather than continue a baker?

The youth anſwered, that it was the wiſh of his ſoul; but his father, having a numerous family, could not afford the expence of ſuitable inſtructions. 'I deſign to travel,' adds he, 'but, as my father cannot furniſh the means, and as I knew that you was fond of drawings, I was emboldened to make this application to you, in hopes that you would purchaſe the copy, to furniſh immediate help, and I muſt truſt to my induſtry and good fortune, for future advancement.'

'Call here to-morrow, without fail, ſays mr. Krahe, with an emphaſis that manifeſted pleaſure and aſtoniſhment.

Early the next morning the profeſſor called upon an intimate friend at Keyſerſwerth, a few miles diſtant from Duſſeldorff; of which place this young man was a native.

The friend, with the power, had the diſpoſition to do good. Krahe told him the ſtory, ſhewed him the workmanſhip, and begged of him to lend the young artiſt two hundred crowns. He will doubtleſs, adds he, become in a few years, a diſtinguiſhed engraver, and be able to reimburſe you. I will be ſurety for the payment.'

I take no ſecurity, anſwered his friend; and he advanced three hundred crowns.

Krahe returned to the aſtoniſhed and tranſported baker with the money. He quitted the oven, learned geometry and perſpective, applied to drawing according to the rules of the art, and acquired a competent knowledge of hiſtory.

After aſſiduous application, for the ſpace of two years, the young man had made ſuch rapid progreſs, that mr. Krahe adviſed him to quit Duſſeldorff, where no further improvement was to be expected, and viſit Paris, promiſing him a letter of introduction to mr. Wilies, a celebrated engraver in that metropolis.

Schmitz (for this was the young man's name) put his advice in execution; and in order to economize his little ſtore, he travelled on foot from Duſſeldorff to Paris. But unfortu-

nately

nately he fell ill immediately on his arrival; and, although he applied to a monaſtry, where he was hoſpitably received, and carefully attended, yet incidental expences, during an illneſs of ſome continuance, had entirely exhauſted his little ſtore. Upon his recovery, that delicate kind of pride, which ſo frequently accompanies true genius, forbade his making application to mr. Willes, while he muſt appear as an indigent beggar.

One day as he walking penſively in the ſtreets, his mind occupied with his unfortunate ſituation, he was met by two ſoldiers of the Swiſs guards; one of them accoſted him with the enquiry, Young man are you not a German? Yes.—From whence?—From Keyserswerth, near Duſſeldorff—You are my countryman.—What do you here?—Schmitz relates to him the particulars of his hiſtory; adding that a long illneſs had exhauſted a large portion of his time, and all his money; and that he could not ſupport the idea of being troubleſome to any one. The ſoldiers adviſed him to enliſt, aſſuring him that the ſervice was not ſevere, and that he would have leiſure to follow the bent of his genius. Schmitz accepted the propoſition, was introduced to the captain of the regiment, was enliſted for four years, and ſhortly after was introduced to mr. Willes, by the captain himſelf. As much time was indulged him as the nature of the ſervice would admit, to purſue his favourite object, under the direction of mr. Willes. He continued in this ſituation the four years, when he received his diſmiſſion.

Finding that he was in the line of improvement, he continued at Paris two years longer, applying himſelf, with the utmoſt diligence, to the art of engraving: at the expiration of which term he returned home, with the beſt atteſtations concerning his talents, induſtry, and moral conduct.

Profeſſor Krahe received him with open arms, was charmed with the progreſs he had made, and engaged him to work in the cabinet. He continued to work under the inſpection of the profeſſor about two years, conducting himſelf in ſuch a manner as to gain upon the affections of his patron.

It was about this period that the profeſſor invited our artiſt to an entertainment, where ſeveral of his friends were to be preſent. He met his friends, and was entering into the joys of convivial intercourſe, when he was informed that the entertainment was in honour of a ſtranger. But alas! this ſtranger was the deſtined huſband of the profeſſor's eldeſt daughter;—beautiful, in his eyes, as an angel, and wiſe, in his judgment, as the goddeſs of wiſdom. He made as precipitate a retreat as decency permitted, and left the briſk glaſs and jovial ſong to circulate among the happy.

The next morning he returned to the cabinet with the utmoſt dejection of mind and countenance. This ſudden change was noticed by his benefactor, who enquired into the cauſe. Schmitz, in confuſed expreſſions, and with faultering voice, confeſſed that he had fallen deeply in love with that very daughter who was ſhortly to be in the poſſeſſion of another.

'Have you intimated to my daughter, the ſtrength of your affection?' ſaid Krahe.

Never, anſwered the noble youth, not in the moſt diſtant manner. Could I, without title, fortune, or pretenſions of any kind, be ſo baſe as to ſpeak of love to the daughter of my friend, my patron, and benefactor? I was contented to ſee her, and was careful to conduct myſelf in ſuch a manner that no ſuſpicions might ariſe to debar me of that happineſs; and now I learn, that I am ſhortly to be deprived of the only ſatisfaction to which I had dared to aſpire.

The benevolent profeſſor tried his

utmoſt

utmoſt to ſoothe and comfort him—aſſured him of the ſtrength of his affection, that he loved him as his own child—but warned him to ſubdue his love for Henrietta; expatiating upon the criminality, circumſtanced as they were, of indulging the paſſion.

The poor young man admitted the force of the argument, and promiſed to obey. But the ſtruggle was too much for his conſtitution. He fell ill, and continued in a dangerous ſtate upwards of four months. Mr. Krahe paid him every attention, and gave him every conſolation in his power. But, in all their interviews, the name of Henrietta was never mentioned.—His lamentable ſituation, however, could not be concealed from her. She ſympathiſed, and moſt ſincerely pitied; but though pity is near a-kin to love, duty and honour interpoſed a barrier between them.

The intended huſband returned to his parents; and it was not difficult to perceive, from the tenure of his letters, that certain objections were ſtarted by them to the union. Although he dared not expreſs his own ſentiments fully upon this occaſion, yet Henrietta devined them, and gave him full power to follow the genuine bent of his own inclinations, renouncing every claim upon his promiſe. The anſwer was correſpondent to her expectations; and, allowing a ſhort interval for the ſuppreſſion of that chagrin which the injured pride of every young lady muſt ſuffer in ſuch delicate ſituations, ſhe permitted the ſufferings of Schmitz to engage more of her thoughts—generouſly indulged her compaſſion, until ſhe found it blended with affection—and, finally addreſſed her father thus:—'Sir, I know it has been your wiſh to have Schmitz for your ſon-in-law. Every obſtacle is removed. Tell him, that Henrietta will be his, if ſhe can promote his felicity.'

The joyful father informed him of this declaration in his favour, but the good news was as like to have proved fatal, as his deſpair.—Recovering from his emotions, and leaning on the arm of his benefactor, he was conducted to the generous object of his paſſion; and, by paſſing the evening in her company, he was cheered, comforted, and reſtored.

But how great was the ſurprize of every one, when they learned the next morning, that the lover had left the town in a carriage with four horſes, and had carried his plates and drawings with him!—What aſtoniſhment to Krahe!—What a thunder ſtroke to poor Henrietta!

This was ſo apparently the act of a diſordered brain, that his return was dreaded as much as his flight was lamented! Nor did they receive a ſingle line in the interval, to remove their doubts. On the ninth day he returned from Munich, with an order for a penſion of ſix hundred florins per annum, to be paid to Schmitz by the treaſurer of the Palatinate.—He had been to throw himſelf at the feet of the elector Palatine. He diſcovered to him his love—his ſituation—ſhewed him the certificates of his conduct, and the ſpecimens of his workmanſhip. The heart of the elector was moved, and he gave him the penſion.

'Now, ſir,' ſays the generous-hearted Schmitz, 'I am more worthy of my Henrietta.'

The Agreeable Surpriſe. An Anecdote.

THERE reſided in Bourdeaux a young, rich, and handſome widow, who had for ſix months inceſſantly lamented the loſs of a huſband tenderly beloved. A fatal ſtorm had wrecked the veſſel in which he embarked, and every ſoul on board was ſuppoſed to have periſhed. The young widow, though ſurrounded by admirers, obſerved ſcrupulouſly the

the rules of decorum; at length, however, the perſuaſions of her friends had effect, and ſhe once more threw open her doors to receive company. Madame St. Amere had one foible, ſhe loved play to exceſs—and this foible alone threatened to involve her in much ſubſequent calamity. On the evening of her firſt fête, a tall graceful figure, maſked, followed her, and payed her innumerable ſilent attentions; to rid herſelf of his importunities, ſhe ſat down to the card table, and was ſucceſsful for about an hour. The maſk, who had fixed himſelf behind her chair, then ſolicited the honour of playing with her, which ſhe granted; and renewed the game with freſh ſpirit, though not with equal good fortune. Madame was piqued at the ſuperior ſkill of the impertinent maſk, and ſtaked to an immenſe amount; ſtill the ſtranger was triumphant, and pulling from his pocket a large purſe of gold, tauntingly dared her to riſk the like amount. Although abſolute ruin might have been the conſequence of her imprudence, madame would not recede, but anxiety and vexation marked her features; for ſome time the game was doubtful, at length the malignant deity decided againſt her, and the raſh widow found her fortune deſtroyed by one night's folly. Her anguiſh could not be concealed; ſhe roſe abruptly from the card table; when the maſk, in an inſinuating tone of voice, hinted to her that ſhe need not put herſelf to any inconvenience to make up his debt of *honour*, as he could wait her leiſure, or compromiſe it *ſome other way*, with more pleaſure to himſelf, and leſs embarraſſment to her. She darted on him a look of rage and contempt—'Who art thou, wretch,' ſhe exclaimed, 'who dareſt thus to inſult me in my own houſe?'—'Softly madam,' replied the maſk, 'I am no gambler, nor needy adventurer—there are ladies who would not be ungrateful for ſuch an accommodation.'—Madame burſt into tears—'Good heaven, muſt I endure this inſolence!—quit my houſe, ſir; and, if you are a gentleman, make good your claim to-morrow.'—'No, madame, I will not quit this houſe to-night—my claim is on your fortune, or on yourſelf—and I will make it good, let who will diſpute it:' with theſe words he removed his maſk, when madame uttered a ſhriek of joyful ſurpriſe, and fainted in his arms. The company crowded round; they were chiefly relations, who immediately recognized the chevalier St. Amere. The raptures of madame may be eaſily imagined, when, on recovering, her huſband informed her that he had been ſaved from the wreck by a brave ſailor, who had taken him into his ſhip, which was bound to Peru—that he remained there till a convenient opportunity offered for his return—and having been fortunate enough to amaſs a conſiderable portion of wealth, had meditated this agreeable ſurpriſe, in the hope of curing her of a deſtructive habit, the conſequence of which he had long dreaded. Madame embraced him with tranſport, and aſſured him ſhe would never again yield to temptations, or continue a practice of which ſhe now ſaw the madneſs in glaring colours. Having received the congratulations of their friends, the amuſements of the evening, which had been ſo ſtrangely interrupted, were again renewed; and the adventure was for many months the talk throughout Bourdeaux.

On Domeſtic Duty.

'England expect every man will do his duty.'

THIS was the laſt order of the immortal NELSON to his brave followers. They obeyed it: they did their duty; and victory was their reward.

ward. But the word duty amongſt kindred is of another caſt; it alters every thing: for what might gain you reputation, and even demand admiration from others, with relations only deſerves the cold bare name of duty.

I may therefore fairly commence theſe obſervations with ſaying, that relations are the worſt friends. Let your abilities be exerted for every good purpoſe to ſerve thoſe who are a-kin to you, and though you abſolutely ruin yourſelf to do them real ſervice, they are too often the firſt who quarrel with you, and pity you for your zeal and folly.

'Alike unfortunate, our fate is ſuch,
We pleaſe too little, or we pleaſe too much.'

And when all your exertions are brought to a point, like the rays of light through a teleſcope, they ſay, 'Why he did no more than his duty.' If a brother is extravagant, and ruins his fortune, he does not ſcruple borrowing any ſums of ſiſters or brothers to repair it; and if he ſtill purſues his crooked line of folly, brings his borrowed fortune to nothing, and involves his friends in the ruin, he has no plea for his conduct, but inſolently tells you, 'It was your duty to aſſiſt him, and he cannot help misfortunes.' If a man parts with the greateſt portion of his property, and does not give up the reſidue to ſatisfy the cravings of an unconſcionable relation, he is loaded with opprobrious taunts and ſneers, becauſe he will not ruin himſelf to ſerve an avaricious kinſman, without the decent ſenſe of feeling.

'Thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.'
Shakſpeare.

And on the other hand there are ſome individuals who have great wealth, and are allied to the worthy yet poor relations, on whom they do not beſtow the leaſt aſſiſtance; but with an unchriſtian and ungenerous diſpoſition, refuſe all relief to thoſe who if aſſiſted might do credit to ſociety. Reader, this is not obeying the noble command; this is not doing the duty of an honeſt man! for all the good a man does for his country and his friends is his duty, and all he neglects to do is cruel: yet do all you will for an unconſcionable relation, you are ſure to have no warm acknowledgments; but neglect them, and you are cruel and unkind.

S. Y.

Lady Hamilton has in her poſſeſſion a letter written by lord Nelſon previous to the battle of Trafalgar, reſpecting the child which he committed to her care, with an injunction that ſhe ſhall not open it until the young lady attains the 18th year of her age.

Singular Advertiſement.

THOMAS HUCHINS has advertiſed, that I have abſented myſelf from his *his bed and board*, and forbid all perſons truſting me on his account, and cautioned all perſons againſt making me any payment on his account. I now advertiſe the public, that the ſame Thomas Huchins came as fortune-teller, about a year ago, with a recommendation which, with ſome artful falſehoods, induced me to marry him, Of the four wives he had before me, the laſt he quarrelled away; how the other three came by their deaths, he can beſt inform the public: but I caution all widows or maidens againſt marrying him, be their deſire for matrimony ever ſo ſtrong. Should he make his advances under a feigned name, they may look out for a little ſtrutting, talkative, feeble, meagre, hatchet-faced fellow, with ſpindle ſhanks and a little warped in the back.

THANKFUL HUCHINS.

Roman

Romance of the Pyrenees. By a Lady. (Continued from Page 147.)

CHAP. LXIII.

IT is far eaſier for our feeling reader to conceive, than the feeble hiſtorian to pourtray, the ſenſations of don Manuel at this dreadful moment. But long he was not left to contend with mental agony. Viola had ſcarcely breathed her laſt ſigh, when he fell ſenſeleſs by the ſide of this his heart's idol.

The ſcreaming infant was ſaved from falling by the youth Diego, who was in waiting, and conveyed by him to Leonora; while the beauteous corſe of the murdereed innocent was borns to her own chamber. The fit of don Manuel continued ſo long, it alarmed the caſtle ſurgeons; and when recovered from it he was found to be in a ſtrong delirium. Grief and horror brought on a phrenzy fever, which raged for ſeveral weeks, and then left him ſo weak, ſo low, that for ſome weeks more the moſt ſerious alarms were entertained for his ſafety. At length he ſhook off indiſpoſition, but never the dreadful impreſſion of Viola's death.

During the deprivation of don Manuel's reaſon, the fiends of cruelty had time to arrange for their own ſecurity, and for their further progreſs in villany. Franciſco returned to the caſtle the day ſucceeding the perpetration of this moſt horrible murder, which was proved to him by the crafty Elfridii as the fatal work of her own diſtempered hand. The faſtidious Franciſco, who in ſo many inſtances gave ſuch latitude to his own conſcience, now refuſed the butchered manes of the virtuous Viola its laſt ſad rite in conſecrated ground.—Her body, therefore, was depoſited in a vault belonging to the caſtle, pointed out by the vile Elfridii, ſo guarded by impervious ſecrets, ſo ſurrounded by dangerous paſſes, he dared to hope the eye of detection could never penetrate to the hidden ſpot.

As the ſtate don Manuel was then reduced to rendered the murder of Matilda no longer neceſſary, ſhe was allowed to live. To Franciſco's care ſhe was confided by Elfridii, who made it appear ſo clearly to the monk, her concealment from don Manuel being abſolutely eſſential to the general ſafety, that Franciſco readily promiſed to ſecrete her for ever from don Manuel's knowledge, and to fabricate a ſtory of her death—leſt, while under the influence of grief for her mother's fate, he ſhould follow the dictates of his impetuous feelings, and, by reſtoring the infant to her father, bring inevitable deſtruction upon the whole community.

Every thing being now arranged to their ſatisfaction, Polydore and Elfridii returned to Italy, to proceed in their villanous co-operations. It was reported that Matilda expired in convulſions for want of that nouriſhment her mother had cheriſhed her with, and Leonora was in the dead of night conveyed back to her dungeon by the inhuman Garcias.—Death in ſuch various forms ſo frequently viſited the caſtle, that in a very few days after the murder of Viola, and the ſuppoſed death of her child, they ceaſed even to be mentioned, except as the cauſe of don Manuel's dreadful illneſs; and no one ever took the trouble of doubting the plauſible ſtory of the infant's exit, who was ſecretly conveyed by Franciſco to a neighbouring convent, the ſanctified ſiſterhood of which were much in his power, and therefore devoted to him; and in this monaſtery, as an unknown orphan, was the poor alienated lady Matilda di Treviſo reared.

When don Manuel recovered his reaſon, and was made to believe Viola had fallen by her own hand, and that her child alſo was no more, he no longer thought of ſacrificing him-

felf and aſſociates to clear the fame of her who exiſted not to benefit by it. And now we muſt beg leave to conduct our patient readers back to Italy, there to learn the progreſs of events neceſſary for them to become acquainted with.

When the unfortunate duca di Manfredonia reached the caſtle of Palino, and imparted to his friends there the dreadful ſuſpicions which had been forced into his ingenuous mind, great and terrible was the ſhock he communicated to the affectionate hearts of the conte and conteſſa Arioſto; and the ardent Clementina, although then in a ſituation to render travelling dangerous to her, inſtantly propoſed making an attempt to reach Manfredonia before the moment of her confinement. Firmly ſhe believed the purity of Viola immaculate, and that all which had ariſen to create ſuſpicion was through the machinations of Ambroſio to blaſt that happineſs he envied. She doubted not being able to win every ſecret from the guileleſs boſom of Viola, and to clear away, by her perſonal inveſtigation, every ſhadow which had fallen upon a fame ſhe believed ſo ſpotleſs, that even the depoſition of the pope himſelf to the contrary would have been by her diſregarded. Her adoring huſband ſhuddered at the idea of a journey at ſuch a moment, but, dreading more from the tortures uncertainty and anxiety would inflict upon ſuch an ardent mind, acceded to her propoſal. Lorenzo catching at once all that hope and confidence which glowed in the boſom of Clementina, ſaw happineſs once more in view—though bitterly arraigning his own reprehenſible and blind credulity, which had led him to ſuſpect the affection of Viola.

Altidore trembling for the ſafety of his adored wife, arranged for every neceſſary attendant to accompany her in this anxious journey. The infant Alphonſo, then about a year old, was to remain at Palino, and the time appointed for their departure was juſt advanced within one ſhort hour, when the artful villanous Elfridii, with haggard looks expreſſive of fatigue, conſternation, grief, arrived, and, in a tone of well-acted diſtraction, demanding an inſtant and private audience of conte Arioſto, announced to him the elopement of Viola with Ambroſio.

This moſt horrible intelligence could not be concealed from the wretched huſband or Clementina.—To them therefore the feeling Altidore conveyed it with all the caution his tender affection for both inſpired. But, gently as the blow was ſuffered to fall on them, it was in itſelf ſo direful, it almoſt annihilated them. In all the wild derangement of mental deſpair and anguiſh, Clementina affirmed her couſin had been baſely trapanned away by Ambroſio and Leopold, and raved of ſetting out inſtantly to ſeek her through every circle of the earth. A letter was now put into her hands from Elvira, encloſing one apparently from the fugitive, which, without the precaution of ſuch an envelope, the watchful Altidore would not have allowed to reach her at ſuch a moment.—This atrocious forgery was to bid Clementina farewell for ever. So artfully had Polydore and Elvira compoſed it, no one could diſbelieve its validity. Every line breathed the ſentiments of a naturally pure mind, ſeduced by the inſidious ſophiſtry of a beloved deceiver; and every ſentence it contained evinced the moſt agoniſing ſtruggles between virtue and vice; and acknowledging that ſhe had ſacrificed every conſideration for don Ambroſio, ſhe conjured Clementina to forget that ſhe yet exiſted—but not to forſake her boy.

This epiſtle was a dreadful conviction Clementina had no means to doubt. It accelerated the birth of a ſtill born child, and for many days

her own life was despaired of. At length she was pronounced out of danger. But that playful vivacity, so lately the delight of her husband and all around her, was fled never to return. The supposed lapse from virtue of that adored being she had believed purity's own child fell heavily upon her sensibility, and health and spirits bid her adieu for ever.

To pourtray the dismay, affliction, and despair of Lorenzo, the wretched husband, would be impossible — Woe's most corrosive darts plunged to the inmost recesses of his agonised heart. A letter similar to that prepared for Clementina was delivered to him, but with the dreadful addition of confessing, 'that she was compelled to fly to prevent the birth of Ambrosio's child in the castle of Manfredonia;' and in all the maddening anguish of wounded love and pride Lorenzo returned to Manfredonia, to feed upon his misery, to weep over his deserted child, and alternately to curse and fondly cherish the remembrance of Viola.

After the fatal success of her diabolical confederacy, Elvira returned to Tuscany, high in the estimation of the wretched duca; her winning attention to his Orlando, her fascinating distress and delicacy of conduct upon the late unfortunate event, her amiable anxiety to save as much as possible the tarnished fame of the duchessa from virulent obloquy, all conspiring to raise her to a distinguished place in his estimation.— This the wary Elfridii clearly saw; and as upon Lorenzo's humility he built his former success, so now, circumstances having awakened another auxiliary, he resolved to profit by it, and, under the banners of wounded pride, to lead Elvira on to conquest.

It was in a few months after the amiable ill-fated duchessa had been carried off from her husband's castle, that the emissaries of Elfridii, as if by chance, brought the intelligence to Manfredonia, of Viola having died in giving birth to a still-born son, at an obscure village in Gascony. Father Rinaldo was immediately dispatched thither, by the now almost distracted duca, to ascertain the fact. Elfridii had placed persons there to give the necessary testimony; and some remarkable trinkets belonging to Viola, purloined for that purpose, were produced to the holy man, to substantiate the evidence. The grief, nay the despair of Lorenzo was now beyond all expectation, beyond all consolation. Had not the vice and perfidy of Viola been proved incontrovertibly to him, he had been more resigned to her loss. But the Christian's comfort of meeting those they love in a better world was cut off from him; and the horrible agonising idea, that in despite of her crimes his still tenderly adored Viola had deprived herself of the bliss of Paradise, was an unremitting corroding venom that poisoned the very vitals of his peace. Manfredonia, and indeed all Naples, became obnoxious to him; and he fled to Palino, to seek the only consolation that now was left to him; the pleasing anguish of talking to Clementina of what Viola once had been, and mingling his bitter tears with hers.

In such a moment as this, none but Elfridii and Elvira would have thought of luring him into a second marriage; none but Elfridii and Elvira could have proved successful.— Despair and grief had overthrown the firmness and powers of his mind; they worked upon his mortified pride and his humanity. Elvira assailed him with all her charms and blandishments. Elfridii, with every art that could promote his purpose, strove to persuade Lorenzo that the beautiful, the amiable, the accomplished Elvira, had for years past struggled with an unconquerable attachment to him; that upon his ac-

count

count ſhe had refuſed many ſplendid alliances; and lovely and faſcinating as ſhe was, ſhe was ſtill unmarried, becauſe ſhe could love none but Lorenzo. That to ſee Elvira his wife had been the firſt wiſh of conte Arioſto's heart; now every obſtacle was removed, he panted for this alliance; yet, ſo great was his delicacy, he ſeduloufly ſtrove to hide thoſe ſentiments from all but him (Elfridii).—Often Lorenzo ſeemed to liſten to the ſubtle traitor, while every thought was faſtened upon the memory of Viola. Often the rhetoric of the wily fiend worked upon his feelings; and in one unfortunate moment, when his pride and pity were awakened to the higheſt pitch of animation, he acceded to the propoſal of Elfridii for becoming the huſband of Elvira.

When left by the artful Elfridii to his own reflections, Lorenzo ſhuddered at what he had yielded to. It was then too late. Elfridii fearing a countermand, had haſtened to Elvira with the duca's propoſal. Lorenzo's honour was now engaged; he could not recede; he ſtrove to reconcile himſelf to the idea of this involuntary union, believing that his breaking heart would ſoon releaſe him from ſublunary miſery, and that in Elvira he ſhould leave a tender ineſtimable parent to his Orlando. Shuddering at the union, the duca di Manfredonia led lady Elvira to the altar: the recollection how different were his ſenſations when he plighted his vows to Viola ſtruck dreadfully upon his heart, and twice he fainted ere the awful ceremony was concluded.

CHAP. LXIV.

HIGH as her ſpecious ſiſter in-law ſtood in the eſtimation of the unſuſpecting Clementina, ſhe yet felt ſtrongly averſe to this union. In vain did Altidore ſtrive to reconcile her to it, by reminding her that it was the only hope in exiſtence for the reſtoration of his amiable friends', bleſſed happineſs. Fervently ſhe wiſhed to ſee the re-eſtabliſhment of Lorenzo's peace, but not by this means. She felt it a ſlight to the ſuperior charms of her couſin, whoſe memory, though dreadfully tarniſhed, ſhe ſtill adored; and although ſhe owned it was a weakneſs, ſhe felt jealous and offended. Her affectionate and indulgent huſband, perceiving how much the idea of viſiting Naples, or ſeeing Orlando at ſuch a moment, pained her ſenſitive heart, declined for her and himſelf the preſſing invitation of Lorenzo to accompany him and his bride to Manfredonia, where the dreadful knowledge of a new calamity awaited the wretched duca.

It was neceſſary for Polydore and Elvira's deep-laid ſcheme of villany that Orlando ſhould be diſpoſed of. Elfridii had no objection to the meaſure, reſolving that the boy ſhould live, as thereby he had the power to hold the rod of vengeance over the heads of his two confederates, ſhould they prove ungrateful, which his own feelings taught him to believe was more than poſſible. Orlando's principal nurſe was a creature of Elfridii's, whom he found no difficulty in bribing to take a part in the diaboliical plot. She declared her young lord was ſickening for the ſmall-pox. Elfridii had taken care that the family phyſician ſhould be out of the way when Fidato ſent expreſs for him. Another therefore was ſummoned whom Elfridii had ſent into the neighbourhood belonging to the predaceous ſociety, and who pronounced the child to be in the ſmall-pox of the moſt virulent kind. By his orders Orlando's chamber was darkened, and the anxious Rinaldo himſelf went off with a courier to Naples to ſummon all poſſible medical aid; but, before his return, Orlando, while under the influence of a ſoporific, was conveyed out of the caſtle, and a boy of his age and ſize,

procured

procured for the purpoſe, covered with puſtules of the moſt malignant nature, was placed in his bed, and whom the phyſicians, on their arrival, declared to be in imminent danger. The event proved the truth of the prediction. The child died ſo putrid, ſo diſfigured, that the cheat could not be detected; and ſo well did Elfridii carry his project into execution, that Polydore and Elvira, with the reſt of the world, firmly believed Orlando was no more.

The anguiſh of the poor duca upon this calamity was, as might naturally be expected, dreadful: he had ever tenderly loved his child; but from the moment he believed his mother had forſaken him, he became if poſſible more intereſting and dear to the heart of Lorenzo. All now that had remained to him of Viola was torn from him; and his affliction was direful, was piteous to behold. Elvira, now in the character of an adoring wife, affected the deepeſt diſtreſs and mortification at the ſorrows of her lord, and at his ſo much ſecluding himſelf from her ſociety. Lorenzo was really ſhocked at giving pain to her he believed attached to him; he conſidered himſelf ungrateful to her, did violence to his own tortured feelings to ſave her from pain, chaſed from his eyes the tear of grief, appeared with her in company and wore the ſmile of happineſs in her preſence, while his heart was wrung with the keeneſt pangs of anguiſh.

The ſuppoſed death of Orlando was another mining blow to the declining health of Clementina; and ſo ſenſibly was ſhe affected by it, that her adoring huſband inſtantly determined upon a change of ſcene. He immediately took her the continental tour, made her enter into all the diſſipation her delicate ſtate admitted of, and then proceeded with her to England to try the efficacy of her native air; and during this reſidence in England was our heroine Victoria born.

The cold and uncertain climate of Britain ſoon, however, proved deſtructive to this delicate plant. The London phyſicians apprehended a rapid decline, and adviſed her immediate return to the ſouth; and her almoſt diſtracted huſband, at her own requeſt, after ſhe had viſited the tomb of her mother at Cliſton, haſtened with her to Sicily; but in vain. In the caſtle of Palermo, and in Viola's own apartment, Clementina breathed her laſt, and in her twenty-firſt year fell a victim to that dæmon of revenge, who had blaſted the fair fame of her idoliſed friend, kinſwoman, and benefactreſs.

The remains of the lovely young conteſſa were conveyed to Tuſcany, and there interred with all the pomp and reſpect her rank and virtues called for. Her wretched huſband ſhut himſelf up in his caſtle with his children, ſecluded from all ſociety, blending with his poignant grief ſelf-accuſation for having taken his adored wife ſo far northward; and in leſs than three years, as already ſtated, he fell another victim to Elfridii's villany.

The death of Clementina ſeemed to fill up the meaſure of the duca di Manfredonia's miſery: he moaned her as a ſiſter, as a friend; and his heart groaned with anguiſh to know that with her was torn from him every individual who would talk with him of what Viola once had been: that now he knew not that perſon upon earth, ſave himſelf, that did not execrate her memory. He would have flown to ſympathiſe with his diſtracted friend, had he not been well aware that his preſence would only augment the grief of Altidore: but no longer able to conceal his own he fled from ſociety; and, in deſpite of the flattering murmurs of Elvira, indulged in the moſt profound and piteous melancholy. At length

length the ducheſſa, with all the appearance of the moſt winning tenderneſs, propoſed a voyage to viſit the iſlands of the Archipelago, as an antidote to ſuch unavailing ſorrow, and to benefit his apparently declining health. The wretched Lorenzo anxious if poſſible to fly from himſelf, gratefully acceded to the propoſition.

They ſet out upon this expedition, attended by their anxious friend Elfridii. Maratti, a valet recommended by Elvira for the occaſion, in place of the duca's own reſpectable one (who had a moſt invincible horror of the ſea), and Bianca; and, in two months after their embarkation, Elvira returned to Naples a diſconſolate widow, bringing with her a ſuperb coffin, ſaid to contain the body of the duca, who had died at ſea in conſequence of breaking a blood veſſel. The coffin was conveyed, in all the pomp of oſtentatious woe, from Naples to the caſtle of Manfredonia, where, after lying in ſtate three days, and high maſſes performed throughout the province for the repoſe of his ſoul, the coffin, containing the body of a poor ſailor, was depoſited, with every funeral ſplendor, in the family mauſoleum with the anceſtors of Lorenzo. The inconſolable widow remained at Naples to bewail her irreparable loſs; and the ſincerity of her grief has been already moſt unequivocally evinced to our readers.

The final deſtruction of Lorenzo had not been ſo long delayed, after his marriage with Elvira had been effected, only to elude the eye of ſuſpicion, which the guilty feared might ſee too far if they ſo ſpeedily extirpated the whole race of Manfredonia; but at length Polydore became impatient for the poſſeſſion of the Manfredonia property, which, as there was no heir to claim it, would all devolve to the widow upon the duca's demiſe; and Elfridii, weary of appearing in the maſk of friendſhip to the man he hated no longer oppoſed the fiat for the duca's annihiliation. The voyage was therefore propoſed; they embarked in a veſſel belonging to the predaceous ſociety, bearing Engliſh colours. They viſited ſome of the iſlands, that, ſhould enquiry hereafter ſpread ſo far, their having been there might be aſcertained.

Lorenzo, although he had before viſited the Archipelago, ſeemed better for the excurſion; as, while wandering about theſe celebrated places of ancient and immortal genius fancy allowed the ſhadow of Viola to wander with him; and all his thoughts, though mournfully confined to his own breaſt, were there, in idea, participated by her; but at laſt the fatal moment for his doom arrived. Another of the predaceous caravel joined them at Rhodes. A ſtrong opiate was infuſed into Lorenzo's ſherbet; and, while operating, the unhappy victim of perfidy was fettered, and in the dead of night, unknown to Elvira, Bianca, or Maratti, conveyed on board the caravel, which immediately ſet ſail for Spain, and, after a tedious voyage, arrived at don Manuel's caſtle, when the wretched Lorenzo was delivered with a letter to Garcias, to whom Elfridii announced the real name of the captive, with ſtrict injunctions to keep it ſecret from every one, and to confine the unfortunate man cloſely in a dungeon apart from every individual. Theſe injunctions were too congenial to the natural turpitude of Garcias not to be moſt ſcrupulouſly obeyed. Revenge was the higheſt gratification to his black heart, and he long had wiſhed for an opportunity to wreck his vengeance upon the man who had ſecured the marcheſa of Palermo from his machinations.

Elvira believed her huſband was no more, and that his body was actually encloſed within the coffin ſhe returned

turned to Naples with; as Elfridii had ſolemnly promiſed conte Vicenza and herſelf to deſtroy him by a ſubtile and expeditious poiſon; and he had aſſured her, the morning after he removed Lorenzo, that the duca expired in horrible convulſions, and that his diſfigured corſe was ſoldered up in the leaden coffin prepared for him. But it was by no means the plan of Elfridii to put a period to the life of Lorenzo, ſince the moment his victim ceaſed to breathe, his vengeance would end, and the power of torturing terminate. He had hitherto inflicted mental ſuffering alone, he now meant to add corporeal; and thus completely in his power, he doubted not but events would ariſe to give ample ſcope to cruelty: beſides, by Lorenzo's exiſtence, he held in his own hands a maſſy rock that would cruſh at once to atoms his vile aſſociates, Polydore and Elvira, ſhould they ever fail to ſupply with prodigality his rapacious demands.

CHAP. LXV.

OUR hero was about two years old when he was ſtolen from his father's caſtle, and carried by Elfridii's emiſſary to be placed under the care of Franciſco in Catalonia; and with him was delivered to the monk a letter from Elfridii, deſiring him to take all poſſible care of the child; but conjuring him, by their mutual friendſhip, to conceal him from all their aſſociates, but particularly from don Manuel and conte Vicenza;—for much Elfridii feared Orlando's reſemblance to his mother might betray his birth. From the child's account of himſelf he had little to apprehend, as his favourite attendant was an Engliſh girl, and from the moment Orlando could articulate, he would ſpeak no language but hers.

The arrival of Orlando threw Franciſco into a moſt perplexing dilemma, as he knew not how to diſpoſe of him. Had it been a girl he could have ſent her to a convent; for in arranging for the boy Theodore, before conſigned to his care, he had experienced no ſmall ſhare of difficulty; and, would the ſame nurſe undertake the care of this child, how could he conceal him from conte Vicenza when he viſited his ſon? and ſhould he ſeek out another nurſe, it might lead the goſſips in the neighbourhood to inquire how the holy hermit came by ſo many children to diſpoſe of.

It was late at night when Orlando arrived at Franciſco's habitation; and, much wearied by fatigue, terror, and weeping he ſoon fell into a profound ſlumber upon a bench where the monk had placed him. The perplexity of Franciſco's mind kept him awake all night; and at the dawn of day he aroſe from his pillow unrefreſhed and undecided, when, in the midſt of his provoking ruminations, his attention was arreſted by the ſtill ſleeping infant. Never before were his feelings ſo powerfully intereſted. Such innocence, ſuch helpleſſneſs, and heavenly beauty blended, he had never before contemplated. While gazing upon the lovely object of admiration and perplexity, the child ſuddenly awoke; and by the dreſs of Franciſco miſtaking him for father Rinaldo, to whom he was much attached, ſprung up, and with the endearing exclamation of 'Father!' clung round Franciſco's neck, imprinting a hundeed kiſſes upon the monk's cheeks in all the wild joy of innocent affection, upon recogniſing, as he imagined, a perſon known to him, after being for ſo many days conſigned to the care and appearance of total ſtrangers.

Orlando's careſſes found their immediate way to the heart of the monk, and awakened there a degree of pity and affection hitherto almoſt unknown. Franciſco made a moſt aukward nurſe; but he fondled the

engaging cherub until he recollected food was neceſſary for him. He then ſpread the breakfaſt table, when, offering Orlando ſomething to eat, it recalled to his mind ſo forcibly his favourite young attendant who uſed to feed him, that, puſhing the fruit and milk from him, and burſting into tears, he ſunk upon the floor; and there, hiding his face with his clapſed hands, ſobbed ſo piteouſly, at intervals exclaiming, 'Mary, Mary!—Father, dear father!' in ſuch an affecting tone, Franciſco was quite ſubdued and taking him in his arms, pledged himſelf by a moſt ſolemn oath, that he never ſhould want a father while he exiſted; and ſoon, by Franciſco's kindneſs and endearments, the poor child was pacified and took ſome nourithment.

The reſemblance Orlando bore to Viola ſtruck Franciſco more than once; but the child's expreſſing himſelf in Engliſh only deſtroyed the riſing ſuſpicion of his being her ſon; and he concluded, that Viola being the moſt beautiful woman, and this the moſt beautiful child, he had ever beheld, had led his admiring fancy to pourtray a likeneſs.

At length the tolling of a diſtant matin bell reminded Franciſco it was high time for his departure to his convent: but what ſhould he do with his lovely charge? He could not take him with him, and to leave him there alone would be a degree of cruelty he could not inflict. After much diſtreſſing deliberation, he at length, as the only alternative, determined to leave him under the care of Iago, whoſe attendance don Manuel often ſpared to him for hours together. Iago, therefore, he quickly ſummoned; and giving a ſtrict charge about the child, ſtole off through the ſubterraneous paſſage.

While Franciſco remained, Orlando had beſtowed no attention upon Iago; but the moment he was alone with him, the aſpect of the negro alarmed him. In vain did the good-natured old man exert himſelf to conciliate his favour, ſince the more Orlando obſerved him, the more terrified he became; and at length ſcreamed and cried ſo violently, that the kind-hearted Iago fled into the caſtle and brought the young Diego to him, as a playmate better ſuited to his fancy.

The engaging countenance of Diego inſtantly won the young ſtranger's favour. His manners dried Orlando's tears; and though Diego underſtood not one word Orlando ſaid, they ſoon contrived to be on good terms; and they were engaged at high play—Diego upon all fours, ſcrambling about the room with Orlando mounted aſtride upon his back—when don Manuel entered to gratify his curioſity, which had been forcibly awakened on Diego's being ſummoned to Franciſco's apartments, where none but himſelf Elfridii, and Iago, had ever been ſuffered by the monk to go. Struck by the beauty and animation of the child, as he was laſhing without ceremony the back of Diego, he demanded who that lovely creature was? but Iago could give him no ſatisfactory information.

Highly charmed and intereſted by the faſcinating boy, don Manuel took him in his arms, and carried him into the caſtle to get ſweetmeats and playthings for him. On entering the library, the child in a tranſport of joy ſtruggled to get free, when running about the room, exclaiming 'Father! dear father!' and appearing to be anxiouſly looking for ſomebody, he ſuddenly burſt into tears, with an air of diſappointment ran towards don Manuel, looking mournfully up in his face, and in a tone of reſiſtleſs grief, pronounced—'My father!' The intereſting ſimplicity of the lovely boy affected don Manuel almoſt to tears. He caught him once more in his arms, and wept

ed himself to beguile the little stranger's sorrows until Francisco appeared.

It had never occurred to Francisco, until in the confessional at his convent, that it was possible for don Manuel to see the child during his absence. It was therefore now his business to form some specious story to account for his appearance. In vain he racked his brain for one likely to impose upon the wary commandant; and almost wild with perplexity, he reached the hut where he had placed Theodore, and where necessity at length compelled him to go in quest of an asylum for his new charge. He found the nurse in the utmost consternation. Theodore, who had been from his birth an ill thriving sickly child, had died the preceeding night in fits. The woman was grieved the child had died, under her care, but by no means sorry to get rid of her charge, whom she told Francisco had occasioned her neighbours to be very troublesome with impertinent inquiries, and had caused some aukward suspicions to fall even upon his reverence.

From this account Francisco knew it would be vain to ask this woman to take care of another child; neither could he wish it since suspicion had in any shape glanced at him. However, while in the hut, it occurred to him that he might remove the fear of detection at home, by passing his lovely charge for the deceased Theodore, whom don Manuel knew had been consigned to his protection, but had never seen: and since Elfridii so much wished for this child's concealment, he must approve a plan which would so effectually impose upon don Manuel. Fully determined to adopt this measure Francisco returned to his apartments; and highly did he congratulate himself upon his ready invention, when, directed by Iago, he found the child with don Manuel, to whom he announced him as Theodore, whose nurse, a poor Englishwoman at Cadaques, had died the preceding day, when he was forced to take the child from her house, and bring him home; and now, totally at a loss how to dispose of him, he found himself in a most unpleasant dilemma.

'But why not let him remain where he is?' said don Manuel, who in gazing upon Orlando had traced in his fascinating countenance a strong resemblance to Viola, yet, strange to tell, without the smallest suspicion of his being her son. 'We have surely apartments enough in this castle. Some proper person may be found among our female captives to attend him. He will be here secure from that observation which conte Vicenza wishes him to avoid: and he must undoubtedly be reared more healthfully here, than in the confines of a hut, or any abode of a common nurse.'

'To the superior conveniences of the castle, returned Francisco, 'there can be no doubt; but, don Manuel, though you and I have chosen that path of life in which we walk, have I a right, betraying the trust reposed in me, to lead this innocent, this unconscious babe, to ultimate destruction? Neither you nor I are atheists, although each hour we live teems with our offences against that Being who made us. We have just cause to tremble for the great, the terrible day of judgment; but what dreadful torturing punishment would then await us did we there stand accused of blasting this fair work? In this castle nothing but pernicious examples would surround him; and think you it possible he could escape contagion where every breath is contaminated?'

'Heaven forbid,' exclaimed don Manuel, 'that I should prove the means of leading this lovely innocent to destruction! In this castle I am

convinced he might be reared without imbibing any of our contagious vices. Let thoſe apartments contiguous to the library be aſſigned to him; let the ſouth garden be appropriated to his uſe; let Iago be your domeſtic ſolely, and in your apartments prepare the dear child's food. Let the ſweet cherub penetrate no further into our part of the caſtle than into the library. You, as he advances in years, can cultivate his underſtanding. I only aſk to be admitted ſometimes; and when his friends wish him to enter the world, we, if we then exiſt, may eaſily deviſe ſome means to prevent his betraying thoſe ſecrets we wiſh to have concealed.'

Although Francisco foreſaw many future objections to this precipitately formed plan, he readily acceded to its preſent adoption, having no alternative. The dungeons were immediately ſearched, but no one could be found in them that would anſwer for this child's attendant. Garcias was applied to, who though curſing the troubleſome brat, feared to offend Franciſco; and recollecting that, in lately paſſing through an obſcure village in Arragon, he had been hoſpitably entertained, during a ſtorm, by a ſchoolmiſtreſs who ſeemed like a mother to her young pupils, he led a band of ruffians to the peaceful dwelling of poor Tereſa; and in payment for her hoſpitality, cruelly tore her from every friend and connexion to attend the reputed Theodore.

(To be continued.)

Endymion the Exile.

LETTER II

WITH all my reſpect for the Roman poet, his maxim of *nil admirari* is completely loſt upon me, in this iſland of vapours; for the more I ſee of its natives, the more is my wonder increaſed. There is a ſtreet cloſe adjoining to my humble lodging, which takes its name from the cart loads of hay ſold there: but when I tell thee that the Italian opera houſe ſhews his naked and unfiniſhed viſage at one end of it, thou wilt agree with thy Endymion in thinking that *wild oats* are at leaſt as plentiful as *hay* in this neighbourhood. I tell thee, for thy guidance, that this is no bad joke, and would adviſe thee, ſhould its ſolution puzzle thee, to take this letter to John Pritchard, the jocular Engliſh vintner, who ſells good double March beer, at the corner of the *Rue St. Honoré*. He is as rapid at a jeſt, as Danton was at lopping off ſupernumerary heads. I can aſſure thee that I have begun to make ſome progreſs in the idiom of this complicated language. If we in Paris made uſe of ſuch an expreſſion as *wild oats* to denote gaiety and extravagance, I believe the whole field would be overgrown with poppies, ere a drowſy Engliſhman would have ſhaken off his modeſty ſufficiently to enquire the meaning of thoſe words. But as our nation is no more encumbered with modeſty, than the elbow of a woman is with drapery, we have no uneaſy ſenſation of that fort to lay an embargo on our tongues, and our progreſs in knowledge of courſe keeps pace with the dauntleſs rapidity of our converſation. Not that I do not ſometimes outrun diſcretion in the uſe of my tongue: a blunder is frequently the conſequence: this, in well bred company, raiſes a titter; whereupon I aſſect all the *nonchalance* of Æſop's bald knight, and ſcamper home upon a horſe laugh, which I reſerve for my own private riding. I began this letter with mentioning the ſtreet called the *Haymarket*. It was there that I yeſterday was betrayed into one of thoſe *laſſus linguæ*, that are ſure to convulſe the Londoners with laughter. At the corner of *Panton-ſtreet*, whom ſh ould I meet but Tom Trelawny, the rattling, ſwearing, poſt

ſoken Briton, with whom thou mayeſt remember we uſed to drink champaign in Paris. The laſt time I ſaw him was in that regretted capital, juſt eſcaped from a week's confinement in the temple. The cauſe of his incarceration was the following. General J—— dreſſed for the opera, was driving in a new vis-a-vis as faſt as two Engliſh blood mares could carry him. Tom eyed him at a diſtance, and, our ſtreets not boaſting the Engliſh accommodation of a foot pavement, was fain to ſqueeze himſelf into the door-way of a *Reſtorateur*: he had eſcaped the fore wheels, but their tall brethren in the rear menacing his toes, he very adroitly ſeized the crane-axle, and upſet the leader of armies in the mud. The general with the inſide of his head as much diſcompoſed as the outſide, complained of the indignity, and Tom had a week's leiſure to repent of giving liberty to his toes by delivering the reſt of his body into confinement. He, however, accoſted me with his wonted good humour—'Hey, damme, what briſtle-beard? who would have thought of encountering thy long viſage in London? What an emigré—come off with *ſhort commons*, eh?' Conceiving that the expreſſion, ſhort commons, meant diminutive members of the Britiſh ſenate, I aſſured him that I had not the honour to know any of thoſe gentlemen. Tom laughed heartily at my miſtake, and replied—'No, zounds, I don't't mean that—by ſhort commons I mean *dining with duke Humphrey*.' 'Indeed,' rejoined I, 'you labour under a great miſtake. I never dined with any duke except the late duke of Orleans.' This ſecond blunder, as it proved to be, made mr. Trelawny reel acroſs the pavement with laughter, in doing which he deranged the perpendicular of an honeſt porter, who carried a dozen bottles of coniac brandy on his head. The baſket, with its contents, immediately fell upon the pavement, and the ſpirit evaporated into the kennel. The enraged porter gave my friend a kick in the ſeat of honour, after rebuking him with his affinity to a female of the canine ſpecies; and mr. Trelawny returned the compliment with a ſlap on the face, that made the Haymarket echo. Theſe intimations of approaching hoſtilities could not be miſtaken, and a ring was forthwith formed.

While the ceremonials of battle were adjuſting, Tom gave a butcher's boy a ſhilling to clear away the broken glaſs, to prevent accidents, and aſſured me in a whiſper that he ſhould ſoon make him *give in*, as he was convinced his antagoniſt was not *true game*, and could not *ſtop* a ſingle blow. 'I will wager a guinea,' added he, 'that in the very firſt round I hit him in *the middle of his head*.' 'Meaning his face, I ſuppoſe,' anſwered I. 'True,' replied mr. Thomas Trelawny gravely, 'but upon ſcientific ſubjects one muſt ſpeak technically.' The conveyer of brandy having by this time deſpoiled himſelf of the incumbrance of coat, waiſtcoat, and ſhirt, advanced in a threatening attitude, and my friend received him with the coolneſs of a veteran. During the third rencontre, or, to ſpeak technically, *ſet to*, the luckleſs porter was felled to the ground, and in the fifth he again ſaluted the earth with his noſe in contact with a knife-grinder's wheel. Unlike *Antæus*, he grew evidently weaker from theſe precipitate appeals to his mother earth, and in a few minutes gave up the conteſt. Trelawny now paid his creſt-fallen adverſary the value of the brandy, which had by this time converted the kennel into punch, and gave him moreover a guinea for the *bottom* he had diſplayed. As for my faſhionable aſſociate, nothing about him bliſhed for his ſhare in the tranſaction,

except myſelf and his own noſe, that feature having wept tears of blood upon his buff waiſtcoat and leather breeches. In this plight he ſeized me by the arm, and inſiſted that I ſhould take a turn with him in Bond-ſtreet, to *witneſs his triumph*, as he expreſſed it. Nothing could here equal the joy, with which he anſwered the enquiries that his appearance excited. Our paſſage acroſs the end of Bruton-ſtreet, was now impeded by the blue barouche of a baronet's lady, celebrated for her public breakfaſts and private theatricals. She no ſooner beheld my ſanguinary aſſociate, than ſtopping her vehicle, ſhe exclaimed in the words of an Engliſh tragedy, '*What bloody man is this?*' 'Why, my lady,' anſwered mr. Trelawny, ſquaring his elbows in the true Belcher manner, 'I'll tell you all about it. I've been pummeling a porter, that's all.—You muſt know I was palavering a bit to this black muzzled Gallican, when I happened to tumble againſt a fellow with twelve bottles of the right ſort on his nob—ſo the carrier ran ruſty—gave me a footer, and in return I tipped him a facer—ſet to—five famous rounds—egad he found me an ugly cuſtomer—ſerved it out to him thus—fifth round, *fibbed* him in great ſtyle, and he cried peccavi!'—This elegant harangue was interrupted by the appearance of a phenomenon, wearing a great coat with fifteen capes, and driving a tandem of a moſt perilous attitude, into which mr. Trelawny vaulted, and was out of ſight in an inſtant.

Such, my dear friend, are the men of faſhion who inhabit the weſtern part of this great metropolis. ſuch the amuſements of their lighter moments, and ſuch the elegance of language, in which thoſe amuſements are related. The maſquerades in this towd are ſaid to be badly attended, and truly I do not wonder at it. For why ſhould men pay for ſeeing motley transformations, which the ſtreets of London exhibit gratis? As long as I can ſee ſenators in ſtables, noblemen in harlequin jackets, traders in the upper houſe, and harlots in the lower boxes, at a moderate expence, it would ill become a poor emigrant, like me, to expend half a guinea in ſeeing thoſe characters badly performed, at ſecond hand, in the theatres of *Oxford-ſtreet* or the *Haymarket*.

All for the Beſt — A Tale. *(Continued from Page 162.)*

ALIACIN'S happineſs was not increaſed: I ſaw him laid on a bed of down, or plunged in a voluptuous bath, and he ſeemed to be extended on thorns. He feared for his life, ſtarted from his couch, and wandered trembling through the apartments of his palace; he found his ſlaves aſleep, and envied the deep tranquillity of their ſlumbers. The morning dawned, and ſtill anxious, ſtill torn with ſuſpicions, he ſhuddered when compelled to take food, leſt he ſhould drink the poiſonous draught of death. He dreaded even the careſſes of the courtezans over whom he tyrannized, but who knew the art of ruling their tyrant. When he heard of a new candidate for courtly elevation the ſnakes of envy feaſted on his heart, and he fancied he beheld the foe who one day would overwhelm his power, and fill the ſtation he occupied.

In a reſpectful expectation, I conſulted the table, where the awful judgments of the Almighty were inſcribed, and read:—'Truth is the torment of the wicked; it is always preſent to his ſight; he cannot turn his eyes away from the faithful mirror, in which he beholds his injuſtice and the deformity of his ſoul.'

On a ſudden I heard a voice ſimilar to that of diſtant thunder; I looked towards Aliacin's palace, but

gardens, its pyramids, it ſtatues, and the miniſter himſelf had diſappeared. On the ſpot where this abode of crime and ſenſuality ſtood, I deſcried a miry marſh, alive with crawling adders and unſightly animals. Such is the foundation of thoſe palaces which the hand of guilt had erected! The following words on the black marble revealed to me Aliacin's fate: —'He has been ſwept from the face of the earth, like vile duſt, and future ages will doubt he ever exiſted.'

This terrifying picture ſhall never be eraſed from my memory, and I ever ſince cannot refrain from pitying men in power. The vulgar admire their riches and elevation, whilſt I ſee the vengeful hand of God ſuſpended over their heads. I now looked again at the mirror, and beheld Mirza and Fatmé, two happy lovers, in that blooming age when the enthuſiaſm of virtue is felt. This morning had dawned on their union, and the ſincerity of their mutual affection ſeemed to promiſe them a long ſucceſſion of felicity. The ſweet extacy of bliſs lighted their eyes, their hands were entwined together, and their voluptuous ſighs heaved reſponſive. Fatmé's beauty was that of a virgin, as well as her modeſty and her graces, and that light roſy hue, the brightneſs of which is ſo fleeting. Her lovely boſom contained a heart teeming with noble ſentiments and generoſity. Dumb with love, and his ſoul wrapt in unſpeakable delights, Mirza claſped Fatmé in his arms, and interrupted words were the only interpreters of the feelings of their hearts Fatmé rewarded her lover's carreſſes with an enchanting ſmile; ſhe bluſhed, but her bluſhes ſprung from the pureſt love. How forcibly did their ſilence expreſs ſentiments too ſtrong for utterance. I exulted whilſt contemplating the raviſhing ſpectacle of virtue crowned by the hand of love. How could the philanthropiſt deſery two happy hearts without rejoicing at their felicity.

Theſe lovers bleſſed their union, becauſe it enabled them to do good together. They were rich, and eſteemed their wealth only as it afforded them a means of relieving the unfortunate. On the day of their nuptials they reſolved that other feeling hearts ſhould taſte the ſame happineſs, and married young maidens with their humble ſuitors, to whom poverty forbade the hope of ſo ſpeedy an union. Mirza wiſhed that every breaſt experienced the ſame raptures as his own; and his beneficent ſoul longed for the power of ſhedding over the ſurface of the whole univerſe unbounded joy and unalterable delight. 'Dear Fatmé,' he exclaimed, 'we are happy; and the more ſo as we can ſay we do not taſte bliſs alone; our name is bleſſed by the voice of gratitude; we have led the god of Hymen into the cottages of the poor, and the heart of innocence has expanded with joy, whilſt the comforts which love beſtows have effaced the image of grief, the remembrance of miſery, and we ſhall behold their children ſmiling at our approach. Oh Fatmé, their careſſes will be our deareſt reward!'

This tender and virtuous couple thus laid the plan of a uſeful and beneficent exiſtence. They intended to enrich the minds of their children with the pure precepts of wiſdom; to teach them to be ſimple and good, becauſe ſimplicity and goodneſs form the roots of every virtue; to foſter in their ſouls pity and the love of humanity; becauſe the being who can feel is alone worthy of the appellation of man. Their raptured imagination already beheld their poſterity practiſing the ſame virtues, and kindling with the ſame zeal for the happineſs of their fellow creatures. In an extacy of love, of bliſs, and exultation, they knelt and adored the Supreme being.—'Almighty Father,'

they exclaimed, 'let our children be worthy of being thine; let them tread the path of thy juſtice; or ſhould they be deſtined to diſobey thy holy laws, ſtifle them in their birth, or ſmite thy ſervants with ſterility.' Their ſupplicating arms were ſtill raiſed towards Heaven, and ſtill entwined together, when the roof of the houſe, ſhaken by a mighty wind, gave way. Mirza had time to fly, but he ſcorned to forſake his beloved Fatmé. He raiſed her in his arms, he ran with the haſte of deſperation, but the tottering wall fell and buried the two lovers beneath its ruins. The world loſt its moſt precious ornament, and mankind the model of the pureſt virtue.

I concealed my face with my hands in order to weep more freely, and almoſt wiſhed to have ended my exiſtence with the unfortunate couple whoſe fate I had been witneſſing.—Dumb and motionleſs, I long dreaded to look at the marble table, but at laſt raiſing my eyes with anxious apprehenſion, I read the following words:—'The blinded ſoul of man beholds the preſent, and Providence alone can know futurity. The moſt ſudden death has rewarded the virtues of Mirza and Fatmé, has tranſported them to the abode of heavenly joys, ſuch as an inhabitant of the earth cannot even dream of, and freed them from the grief of giving birth to a vicious and unworthy poſterity.'

I acknowledged the foolihneſs of my concluſions, I whoſe ſight could not even graſp the whole extent of my exiſtence. I then glanced again at the mirror, and perceived Agenor, an unhappy youth, weakened by luſt and riot, and the moſt debauched among the diſſolute. Pale, diſordered, and violently agitated, he paced his room with haſty ſteps, ſtruck his forehead with his hand, and vented his rage in ſmothered imprecations. On a ſudden he remained as if undecided, then ran to a ſecret drawer, opened it, and ſnatching a ſmall parcel, poured the powder it contained into a glaſs.—'Yes,' he exclaimed, his eyes on fire, 'this powder is my laſt reſource, it will ſave me from the torments of ſhame. Faithleſs Roxana forſakes me for the vile Dabour; my father will no more pay the expences of my pleaſures; hungry creditors hunt my ſteps, and threaten me with a priſon—this will puniſh at once Roxana, my father, and my creditors.' The glaſs already touched his lips, and I expected with little concern the death of the moſt criminal of rakes, when he ſuddenly ſtopped, 'What,' he cried, 'ſhall I die without being avenged? No; perfidious rival, thy blood ſhall ſtain the earth, thy death alone ſhall ſoothe my rage.' He ſaid, laid the glaſs on the table, and graſping his ſcymetar, ruſhed from his apartment. Scarcely had he reached the ſtreet when his father, a venerable aged man, repaired to his room. His forehead betrayed the anguiſh of his paternal ſoul. He came to point out to his ungrateful ſon the ſacred laws of honour, of virtue, and duty, which he neglected and deſpiſed, and vainly hoped to redeem him from vice and deſtruction. The wrinkles of his brow, his white hair, and the tears which bedewed his cheeks, inſpired me with veneration and pity, and would have melted the moſt obdurate heart. Tired with the unuſual ſpeed which he exerted to meet his ſon, this unfortunate parent grew thirſty, and perceiving the fatal glaſs, haſtily drank its contents. Soon he felt the effects of the poiſon, tottered, ſunk to the ground, and expired in the midſt of excruciating pains and dreadful convulſions. I could not refrain from expreſſing regret and ſurprize, and the unſeen finger of divine juſtice wrote the following words on the myſterious table:—'Agenor's father was guilty of his ſon's exceſſes, for his neglect and partiality encou-

raged

raged and supported them. Was it not then just that Agenor should in his turn become the inflicter of his punishment? O ye fathers! learn the whole extent of your duties, and tremble; to tolerate crimes is to commit them'

I had no sooner perused these lines than they disappeared, and the following met my sight:—'Behold the whole, in order not to err.' Instantly I descried in the mirror a large island divided into two parts by a river. The right side formed a verdant plain adorned with magnificent palaces and superb gardens, whose inhabitants were richly clothed; the left, a barren and sandy waste, presented no other object to the eyes but the sheds of poverty filled with obscure and miserable mortals. This island might have been considered as an image of the earthly ball. The country on the right was called the land of the happy; there songs of joy, light dances, luxurious feasts winged every moment with pleasure; voluptuous love beamed in the eyes of youthful beauties who, with gentle reluctance, followed these fortunate beings beneath cool and solitary shades. I remarked, however, that they deemed themselves completely happy only when seen by the wretches who inhabited the opposite shore. When in the midst of splendid feasts they affected mirth; but I saw their hearts unveiled, and descried the secret worms with which they were devoured; they seemed like gods revelling in the delights of Heaven, but all hell raged in their bosoms: surrounded with plenty, their wishes remained unsatisfied, and their active and covetous imagination roamed over the earth, and dived into the depths of the sea to seek for new dainties to gratify their vitiated palates. Among these self-called happiest of men, there were some who suddenly burst from the arms of pleasure to run after an *ignis fatuus* styled glory, whilst beating drums and thundering cannons animated and supported their courage. They soon returned besmeared with blood, and sometimes maimed, and then assumed the name of heroes. Others exerted all their powers to reach the top of an eminence occupied by others, whilst they might have found a commodious station on the very spot on which they stood; sometimes they were laughed at, and often thrown down to the lowest rank. But though defeated they were not discouraged, they soon began again the painful ascent; and when successful, they had not even time to sit down and rest themselves, but were incessantly employed in repelling the ambitious adventurer who, in his turn, attempted to fill their place. A little farther I saw many idle persons, with a busy look, who ran without an end, scattered gold pieces around them without deriving any pleasure from their senseless liberality, and finished by setting fire to their own palaces to please the whim of a courtezan. They then swam with great rapidity across the river, and landed on the barren shore called the land of the unhappy. There groans and shrieks swelled on every blast, and every individual walked bent beneath the load of a large wen which hung behind his neck. Jealousy and grief tortured the souls of these people when they contemplated the land of felicity. But what availed their vain and covetous longings? the weight of their burden seemed to increase. When they approached the banks of the river they heard the pointed jokes of the rich, who scorned and mocked the miserable wen-bearers. It was not easy for the inhabitants of the land of misfortune to swim across the river and settle on the opposite shore, yet they were not forbidden to put that plan into execution; but after a short residence among the happy, they generally and willingly returned

to

to their former abode, preferring a heavy hump on their backs to a ſtate of eternal warfare with their conſcience. If any one complained of the weight of his wen, he was permitted to exchange it for another; but he ſoon repented his exchange and reſumed his former load. Theſe fleſhy excreſcences did not ſeem to me ſo troubleſome as the bearers repreſented them to be; and I began to think that whilſt in the land of felicity, pride exaggerated the pleaſures it enjoyed, weakneſs, in that of misfortune, exaggerated the difficulties with which it ſtruggled; for it is in the nature of man to long to be pitied. I remarked that the unſkilfulneſs of the latter rendered their burden more unpleaſant than it really was; for thoſe who bore it cheerfully ſeemed light and contented, and ſcarcely felt its weight, whilſt thoſe who did not ſtudy to keep a juſt equilibrium tottered at every ſtep. Another advantage which the unhappy poſſeſſed over the fortunate, was that of being able to truſt fearleſsly to the raging waters. Their wen ſupported them when ſwimming acroſs the river; though violently toſſed, the ſevereſt blaſts did not endanger their lives. The inhabitants of the land of felicity, on the contrary, often beheld their rich and level plains ſuddenly deluged by the overflowing river; carried away by the ſtrength of the current, and ſinking beneath the weight of the gold with which their garments were adorned, they themſelves periſhed in the watery waſte. I remarked alſo that the wealthy and happy were leſs induſtrious, leſs ſkilful, leſs humane and charitable than the unfortunate.

I looked with eagerneſs for ſome other object of compariſon, when the ſky grew dark with clouds, loud thunders peal'ed, livid lightnings flaſhed acroſs the gloom, and a cruſhing ſhower of hail fell upon the iſland.

Every heart was ſmitten with terror, on a ſudden the ſea upraiſed her waves, which met the clouds and devoured the iſland and all its inhabitants. The mirror preſented to my ſight a waſte of waters, whence iſſued a few indiſtinct moans, and over which a thick and yellow obſcurity hovered. At the ſame inſtant a celeſtial ſplendour filled the temple; the odorous cloud which waved on the alter was turned into a pilar of fire; and the vault of the edifice burſting aſunder, I deſcried a dazzling throne ſlowly deſcending from the ſky, whilſt awful thunders rolled over my head. Struck with fear I fell on my knees before the divinity of this auguſt temple; when an angelic hand raiſed me, and I perceived ſtanding at my ſide the ſeraph who had guided my ſteps hither. His voice inſtilled new courage into my ſoul, and I read theſe words written in flaming characters on the myſterious marble:—'Death levels all men; eternity alone aſſigns them their different ranks; juſtice is ſlow but immutable, and virtuous men are at laſt exalted to the ſtation they deſerve to fill, whilſt the wicked meet with a condign fate.' The mirror then became clear, and I beheld a tall and beautiful woman, clothed in celeſtial majeſty, and ſeated on the baſe of a column; one of her hands held a pair of ſcales, and, and the other a flaming ſword. Millions of men of all countries and all nations were gathered around her. She weighed virtues and vices, forgave the errors ariſing from weakneſs, rewarded patience and reſignation, and puniſhed indiſcreet murmurings. I ſaw with exultation that ſhe dried the tears of the unhappy, who now bleſſed their paſt ſufferings, which had proved the ſource of ſo much felicity. The greater their woes had been the greater was was now their reward. They entered the dwellings of eternity in which the father of all good delights to diſplay his mercy, the firſt and the

noble-

noblest of his attributes. All the beings whom the breath of the Almighty had warmed with life were born to be happy. The stains which the vile clay of their mortal bodies imprinted on their souls, melted away in the beams of the sun of truth, whose splendor dispelled every shade. The creator of the wide universe, like a loving father, gathered his children around him after their long and painful pilgrimage, and forgave the errors of the past. Those whose hearts had harboured justice and pity, defended the innocent, and relieved the poor, received a twofold tribute of glory. An everlasting hymn of praise, sung by the whole family of mankind, proclaimed the renovation of things.

Grief, fear, and despair were no more, and the radiant morn of eternity began to dawn: The figure of the world was changed, and no mournful groan disturbed the harmony of universal happiness. The beneficent God, whose hand is imprinted on the face of nature, who has scattered beauties and pleasure among the evils that attend our banishment on earth, received all his creatures in his parental arms; the divine father and his children formed only one family. I then heard a thundering voice exclaim,—'Now, weak mortal, whose genius is equally rash and confined, learn to adore the ways of Providence, even when they seem unjust and wrong. The Almighty speaks, and his word is irrevocable; he has considered every thing before he pronounced that word. Limited beings! your systems, your wishes, and thoughs formed part of his august plan; bow down before his wisdom, hope, and do not arraign his ways!'

The voice ceased and the tottering temple seemed ready to crush my head beneath its ruins; I started, and awoke, doubtful whether reality or a vision had so powerfully agitated my senses. Ought I still to murmur at the prosperity of the wicked and the woes with which virtue is afflicted? No; let us wait till the veil that wraps the universe be torn asunder by the hand of death; for it is death that gives us eternal life, by unfolding to our sight that everlasting and immutable truth that rules the tide of events for the glory of omnipotence and the final happiness of men.

E. R.

April, 1801.

History of Portugal. By Mr. John Adamson.

CHAPTER III.

Change in the Character of the Portuguese after passing the Seas—their Military Maxims—their Power in the Indies.

THE Portuguese had no sooner crossed the ocean, than they distinguished themselves above every nation of Europe, by the greatest exploits. It is requisite, to find out the intrinsic value of troops, to view them at a distance from home; men are seldom moved with the same passions in their own country, as among foreigners.

The Romans displayed invincible courage in Africa; the Carthaginians, when before Rome signalized themselves by their extraordinary valour: and in more modern times the English,* who are generally vanquished at home, are almost always victorious abroad. In a country, where the majority of the population is not trained to arms, seeing an enemy at their doors, they are under apprehension for their lives and effects; fear seizes on their souls, and a deadly paleness may be observed in their countenances. This panic is soon communicated to the army, and, throwing it into confusion, weakens the force of the soldiery.

NOTE.

* This most probably allludes to the conquests of Julius Cæsar, and William the conqueror. J. A.

No conſideration is given as to this confuſion being the ordinary effect of invaſion; the commanded frequently wiſh to be commanders, and thus it often happens the general has more enemies in his own country, than among the hoſtile army, and a total defeat is the conſequence of theſe diſſentions. A war abroad has none of theſe diſadvantages; the general in a foreign country, not ſubject to the intrigues of the court, immediately engages the enemy, and is generally ſucceſsful. The ſoldier, who at home cannot expect ſpoil and booty, hopes when abroad to obtain it, and begins the campaign with ardour.

The portuguſe ſurpaſſed the firſt nations of the world in that ſpecies of glory, which is derived from obſtacles overcome, and difficulties ſurmounted; and taking the Romans as an example, no nation ever made ready for war with more prudence, or entered upon it with greater courage.

One of the chief cauſes of the proſperity of the Portugueſe in India, was, that their firſt admirals were all able generals; ſuch a liſt of ſtateſmen and commanders cannot be found in any other hiſtory. Rome roſe to grandeur and magnificence by a ſucceſſion of moſt extraordinary characters.

Portugal opened to itſelf a paſſage to magnificence: its viceroys in India were all great citizens; Gama, Albuquerque, Lopez Soarez, Caſtro, Garcia de Sa, Ataide, Thomas de ſouſa, ſeven illuſtrious men, who happily ſucceeded each other, elevated the Portugueſe to a degree of grandeur above every other nation in the univerſe.

Reputation and fame are the principal points in the ſyſtem of warfare; the Portugueſe had ſcarcely acquired the appellation of the conquerors of India, than they were accounted invincible. The ſmaller Indian governments, which were tributary to the larger ſtates, courted their alliance, in hopes they would diminiſh the tribute impoſed upon them, or aſſiſt them in freeing themſelves from the yoke of their oppreſſors. Portugal, by this means, acquired ſuch aſcendancy in Malabar, that they found themſelves maſters of a great portion of India, through the reputation of their atchievements.

At a diſtance of 6000 leagues from their country it was requiſite that the Portugueſe ſhould diſplay that heroic valour, which, when oppoſed to the moſt imminent dangers, made them regard death as one of the ſmalleſt accidents attending on life. Many examples might be adduced of the bravery and courage diſplayed by them in India. I ſhall, however, confine myſelf to two. The Zamorin, fearing the Portugueſe fleet, and therefore wiſhing to deſtroy Gama, the commander of it, reſolved to accompliſh his intentions by perfidy and treaſon: the uſual weapons employed by ungenerous and cunning minds. The viceroy being apprized of their deſigns, and far from flying a fate which appeared inevitable, thus addreſſed his brother, on conſigning the armada to his care. '*When you ſhall hear that I am loaded with chains, and that they have taken my life, I as your commander prohibit you from revenging my death; ſet ſail immediately, and go adviſe the king of the ſucceſs of our voyage.*' Memorable words! which ought to be engraven on the hearts of thoſe generals entruſted with the care of perilous enterprizes abroad.

The army of Albuquerque being nearly famiſhed for want of proviſions, and that of the Indians, with which he was about to engage, having abundance, Idulcan, his enemy and the commander of the Indian army, made him an offer of ſupplies, to whom the Portugueſe hero ma-

the following reply: '*That he never received presents, but from those who were his friends.*' In these times enemies, or even friends so generous, are seldom to be met with. The situation of the Portuguese on their arrival in the Indies was particularly conducive to their success, they were poor, and without any other means of establishing their power than by bravery and courage, those sources of heroical valour which lead the way to glory. It is well known that Alexander impoverished his army in order to inspire them with that ardour which the difficulties he had to struggle with required; and in modern times Koulikan, when conquering Hindostan, allowed to each of his soldiers only a few roupies. That keeping the soldiery in low circumstances gives them courage, is confirmed by history. We read that the spoil, found in the city of Capua, ruined the army of Hannibal: luxury and covetousness are the inevitable consequences of abundance and profusion. It is requisite that the military should be allowed a sufficiency to supply their physical wants; any thing more corrupts them. The Portuguese in India afford an example of it. As soon as the army became rich, they degenerate; and they, who at present think that the military should enjoy the same relaxation as the other orders of society, are entirely ignorant of military policy. Men who ought to preserve their bodies robust and stronger than the commonality, surely should live in a different manner, and nothing tends so much to keep up that strength of body, than a state of uncertainty, provided it does not interfere with the physical wants of the army.

(To be continued.)

New Pamphlets.

It is neither our plan nor our province to interfere with party or politics, nor shall we hazard an opinion upon either, but we feel it an imperative duty to give our readers an opportunity of judging of the merits of every new publication which may present itself by making such extracts from them as our judgment will lead us to considered as best calculated to assist them in forming an opinion for themselves, and with this view we now present them with the preface to a pamphlet of much celebrity entitled, 'Sketches of the British Empire, addressed in four letters to the right hon. Henry Grattan, by a gentleman under the fictitious title of de Clare O'Donoghue.'—This preface is allowed to possess vast merit as a composition of that kind, and will in a great degree develope the plan and tenor of the work itself, extracts from which shall appear in our next publication.

PREFACE.

IN the following sketches, the writer has attempted to present his countrymen with a brief, yet faithful and comprehensive delineation of the spirit that seems to have guided the councils of the sister island in her administration of the affairs of this country; and whosoever pursues, with dispassionate attention, the chain of historical facts, from which his inferences are drawn, must acknowledge that the annals of mankind afford no other parallel to her conduct, than that of the Spanish adventurers, during and after their conquests in the new world. Between them there however exists this material difference that the behaviour of the latter was not an emanation of the government of Spain, which disowned and endeavoured to restrain their atrocities; and the impotence of those endeavours may fairly be considered as an imputation on the *weakness*, but not at all on the *principles* of its administration. —But, in whatever light either reason or passion induces us to view the

conduct

conduct of the Britiſh adventurers in Ireland, certain it is, that conduct, whether good or bad, had uniformly the ſanction of the Engliſh government to ſupport it, from the genius of which, rather than the individual temper of the invaders, it derived its character.

England originally grounded her claim to dominion over Ireland upon the right of conqueſt: her *mode* of exerciſing this right ſoon gave birth to another, and equally valid title. 'To keep a newly conquered ſtate,' ſays the profligate yet ſagacious Machiavel,* 'three days were to be obſerved: the firſt is *utterly to ruin them*; the ſecond to live *perſonally* among them; the other is to permit them to enjoy their old privileges and laws, erecting a kind of council of ſtate, to conſiſt of a few, which may have a care of your intereſt, and *keep the people in amity and obedience*.' The invaders of Ireland embraced no *one* of theſe plans, but, under certain modifications, united and adopted the three. They did not *utterly* ruin, that is extirpate the Iriſh; they reſided *perſonally* among them, and, without allowing them to enjoy their old privileges and laws, erected a kind of council of ſtate, which, punctual in the diſcharge of its function *of having a care of its own intereſts*, and *keeping the people in obedience*, gave itſelf very little trouble about conciliating their affection, or ſecuring their *amity*. Their proceeding was ſyſtematic, but radically erroneous, †'Cruelty,' ſays the author I have already quoted,' 'may be well or ill applied: I ſay *well* applied, when committed *but once*, and that of neceſſity, for one's own preſervation, but *never repeated afterwards*, and even then converted, as much as poſſible, *to the benefit of the ſubjects*. *Ill* applied are ſuch cruelties as are but few in the beginning, but in time do rather multiply than decreaſe.' The cruelties of the invaders were ill applied, according to Machiavelian doctrine, and although *not* few in the beginning, yet did certainly in time *rather* multiply than decreaſe. They, however, adopted, without reſerve, another of his maxims, '*that benefits ſhould be diſtilled by drops, that the reliſh may be the greater*,' but ſeemed to have forgot, that 'a prince is to behave himſelf towards his ſubjects, that neither good fortune or bad ſhould be able to alter him; for being once aſſaulted by adverſity, he has no time to do miſchief, and the good which he does, does him no good, being looked upon as forced, and ſo no thanks to be due for it.'*

In purſuance of this aphoriſm, modified by the *imperious neceſſity* of exiſting circumſtances, and probably *ſome times* for the purpoſe 'of ſuppreſſing inſurrections and maintaining the public peace in Ireland,' they diſtilled *drop by drop* to the natives, the benefits of the Britiſh conſtitution, but always mingled with ſomething of an heterogeneus nature that, prevented the Iriſh from much *reliſhing* the Gift. The laws which accompanied the boon, were the *conſummation of juſtice*,† and the freedom, which was the conſequence of it, more ſanguinary than war, and more oppreſſive than tyranny.‡ Rebellion was the reſult, and on its ſuppreſſion the victorious party, renouncing its claim grounded originally upon conqueſt, had, as I have before obſerved, recourſe to an equally valid, but more lucrative title. They ſaid, as we are told by Molyneux,‖ 'that vaſt quantity of treaſure, that from time to time had been ſpent by England in reducing the rebellious,

NOTES.

* Prince. Chap. V.

† Prince. Chap. VIII.

NOTES.

* Prince. Chap. VIII.

† Summum jus, ſumma injuria.

‡ In libertate bellis ac tyrannis ſæviore. SENECA.

‖ Caſe of Ireland, P. 97

and

and carrying on the wars, of Ireland, had given them a juſt title, at leaſt to the *lands* and *inheritances* of the rebels, and to the abſolute diſpoſal thereof in their parliament;' and, as, *from time to time*, all the Iriſh had ſucceſſively appeared in that character, the forfeiture of their lands and inheritances, including the whole iſland, and the abſolute diſpoſal thereof in the Engliſh parliament could be denied by none who did not wiſh *to go to law with the devil, while the court was held in hell.*—The conſequences of this title by *purchaſe*, as they called it, may be eaſily conceived, and therefore unneceſſary, to be related. The detail, beſides, would be melancholy, as well as unſafe. Suffice it to ſay, that the temper of the Laws, or, to uſe the expreſſion of Monteſquieu, 'the maſter having become harder than ſervitude itſelf,'* the force of habit which had reconciled the men of Ireland to ſlavery, was overcome, and the energy of the people and the wiſdom of the government combined, have at length produced the preſent order of things, which, although not perfect in itſelf, gives promiſe to the ſanguine of the future accompliſhment of national happineſs.

A Sketch of the State of Ireland paſt and preſent.

ALREADY has this excellent production received ſo many minute and able diſcuſſions in the public prints that we ſhall be ſatisfied with merely extracting from it ſuch paſſages as we deem moſt valuable and intereſting to our readers—only obſerving, that the work is aſcribed to the pen of more celebrated writers than one, though the general voice, and with ſome authority from the force and intelligence, with which diſtinguiſh it from the like productions of the day, appears to lay it at the door of one of the moſt profound and enlightened Luminaries of the law. Perhaps the hour is not remote when the veil which obſcures the author be removed, til when we ſhall not impertinently attempt to develope a ſecret which he thinks proper to withhlod from us.

Omitting the introductory matter we ſhall at once take the field and lay before our readers the momentous tranſactions of 1688 as ſo faithfully detailed and ſo ably deſcanted on by our author.

We paſs over the alternate ravages of Charles and Cromwell, to arrive at the almoſt Theban conteſt of James and William, the lawful, but intolerant and intolerable poſſeſſor of the throne, and the unamiable, but enlightened and neceſſary inſtrument of his expulſion.

Of the Iriſh, there had been no reformation; illiterate, they could not find their own way; and poor, they had little to tempt the miſſionaries of Henry the VIIIth: all, therefore, in Ireland, that was Iriſh, was Papiſt; almoſt all that was Engliſh, was proteſtant. James was a Papiſt, and William a politician, much more than they were chriſtians. The blind devotion of the former recommended him to the love and loyalty of the natives, and to the fear and enmity of the ſettlers. Hence a war, perhaps not yet concluded; and feuds, confeſſed to be unextinguiſhed.

V. Offended, neglected, and deſpiſed by their reſpective princes, the two parties evinced a generous attachment to their fortunes. But the greater merit is here with the adherents to James. He, to inſult and neglect of his followers, added weakneſs, and meanneſs, and cruelty, and cowardice, and defeat; while William, though the friend only of Holland, and the enemy of Ireland, was a conqueror

N O T E.

* Les hommeses' accoutement a tout, & a la ſervitude même, pourvuque le Maitre ne ſoit pas plus dur que la ſervitude.

Eſprit des loix—Liv. XV. Chap. XVI.

a conqueror and a hero, had won three kingdoms, and deſerved to win them.

Between ſuch men, it was not fortune that decided; the courage of James fled at the battle of the Boyne, and even his hopes expired in the treaty of Limerick. By conqueſt and by capitulation, the triumph of William was complete; as complete as he deſired. Ireland indeed was not tranquilliſed, but his throne was ſecured. With war enough at home, ſhe had none to invade the ſhores of her neighbour, William ſeized her as an outwark of England, as he took Namur for the ſafety of Holland,

VI. Re preſſion might have ſatisfied his glory, his prudence required ſubmiſſion. Though James had abandoned the Iriſh, the Iriſh had not abandoned James: againſt his diſturbed predeceſſors, they had maintained deſultory but implacable war; to him, expelled and outlawed, they exhibited, as were their character and cuſtom, a perverſe loyalty, like their perverſe rebellion, blind to its object, atrocious in its meaſures.

While James and his power lingered in Ireland, he aſſembled a pſeudo-parliament. He had choſen the members; he choſe the meaſures—the act of repeal, juſtifying all rebellion, breaking all faith; the act of attainder, proſcribing thouſands by name, and millions by inference: the act for liberty of conſcience, licenſe to the papiſts, hardſhip to the reformed. The whole cloſed with the ſubverſion of eſtabliſhed inſtitutions, diſſipidation of churches, ſpoliation of biſhoprics, denunciation, plunder, and oppreſſion of the whole proteſtant community.

VII. From the papiſt, thus lately tyrannical, now ſubdued, the proteſtant thought it juſtifiable to ſubtract all power. Obſolete penalties were revived; and new reſtraint enacted—of their ambition from the ſenate, their partiality from the magiſtracy, their force from the field: that influence, often miſuſed ſhould not be regained, poſſeſſions were forfeited, acquiſitions forbidden; that diſaffection, as it was natural, ſhould be impotent, weapons of offence were ſtricken from their hands, and the means of reſiſtance removed, as its cauſes were multiplied.

The retaliation was complete; not ſo its juſtification. William had ratified the articles of Limerick, and broke them;—a policy uſeful to him and his near ſucceſſors, fatal to us; enſuring temporary tranquillity, and laſting diſſenſion. Contempt would have extinguiſhed the catholic ſuperſtition, proſcription has perpetuated it.

The ſword had failed, while both had ſwords; the law had failed, while it exiſted but for once; the alliance of the law and the ſword effected ſomething. It has been called a peace, and a truce—it was a pauſe—'to the catholics,' ſaid mr. Grattan, eloquently, 'a ſad ſervitude, to the proteſtants a drunken triumph;' but, had James prevailed, it had been to the proteſtants neither ſad nor ſervitude, but death! to the catholics a triumph, not drunken, but bloody! This, experience deduces from the ferocious bigotry of that ſect at that day; this, hiſtory writes or warrants; this, mr. Grattan, in his candour and intelligence, does not doubt.

From the reign of William to that of George the IIId, a long pauſe in the annals of our turbulence, during two jacobite invaſions, while half England was baſely heſitating, and Scotland had treaſonably decided between the proteſtant prince and papiſh pretender, Ireland was tranquil: in allegiance ſullen, perhaps, but unbroken. But this is all the hiſtorian has to tell; the reſt was the ſquabble of petty pretenders to power, unimportant even in its day, contemptible in ours; youth became age, and age ſunk into the grave in ſilence and ignorance; for our improvement no

thing attempted: almoſt a century is almoſt a blank.

IX. With one great exception.—On this gloom, one luminary roſe; and Ireland worſhipped it with Perſian idolatry: her true patriot—her firſt, almoſt her laſt. Sagacious and intrepid, he ſaw, he dared; above ſuſpicion, he was truſted; above envy, he was beloved: above rivalry, he was obeyed. His wiſdom was practical and prophetic; remedial for the preſent, warning for the future: he firſt taught Ireland that ſhe might become a nation, and England that ſhe might ceaſe to be a deſpot. But he was a churchman. His gown impeded his courſe, and entangled his efforts: guiding a ſenate, or heading an army, he had been more than Cromwell, and Ireland not leſs than England: as it was, he ſaved her by his courage, improved her by his authority, adorned her by his talents, and exalted her by his fame. His miſſion was but of ten years; and for ten years only did his perſonal power mitigate the government; but though no longer feared by the great, he was not forgotten by the wiſe: his influence, like his writings, has ſurvived a century; and the foundations of whatever proſperity we have ſince erected, are laid in the diſintereſted and magnanimous patrioiiſm of Swift.

This is not digreſſion, it is inſtruction; juſtice to the dead, example to the living; it is the debt we owe, and the precept we ſhould inculcate; when he is emulated, his country is redeemed.

Cathal. An intereſting Story.

THE incidents which happen to human life, are ſo various, and in a number of caſes ſo extraordinary, either in the prevention of evils intended, or in the puniſhment of thoſe already committed, that the moſt obdurate ſceptic, or confirmed atheiſt, will find it difficult to attribute them to the ordinary occurrences of things, without having recourſe to the direction and interpoſition of divine providence.

On the colonization of America from the Britiſh iſlands, during the cloſe of the preceeding and commencement of the laſt century, a number of perſons made a profeſſion of not only ſtealing children and young perſons, in order to ſell them to the planters, but even thoſe more advanced in years, if dwelling on the ſea-coaſt, were not ſecure whatever might be their ſex or condition; and numbers were thus for ever loſt to their country, families, and friends in both iſlands.

In the ſouth of Ireland, near the ſea-coaſt dwelt Cathal, who occupied not only extenſive farms, and a conſiderable perſonal property, but was in his manners amiable, and in diſpoſition correct and honourable.

About the age of twenty-three he entered into the marriage ſtate with a young lady of an amiable temper, improved mind, and genteel fortune. For two years they lived the happieſt of couples, reſpected and honoured by every perſon who had the pleaſure of their acquaintance and neighbourhood. On a ſudden the mind of Cathal became over-caſt with black clouds of melancholy, his wonted cheerfulneſs forſook him, he was reſerved and ſilent; his moſt intimate friends and neareſt relatives could not diſcover the cauſe of his anxiety, even the endearments and careſſes of an amiable wife were ineffectual. Time ſeemed to increaſe rather than abate the malady, when towards the duſk of the evening, on a ſummer's day, ſeeming under great perturbation of mind, he walked into his fields near the ſea coaſt, but was not heard of more. From the ſtate of his mind for ſome time, it was imagined he had put an end to his exiſtence either by water or the bullet, but

though

though every ſearch was made, no information could be received. Even inquiries were made in America, from a preſumption that he might be kidnapped to that continent or the Weſt Indies, but all in vain. Days, months, and years thus paſt on, but no acount could be obtained. Whence, after a period of fifteen years anxious ſuſpence, the heir at law took poſſeſſion of his property, reſerving thereout a legal and proper power for the reputed widow; who, ſome few months after this ſettlement, entered a ſecond time into the bonds of wedlock, with a gentleman of conſiderable landed property, and from whom ſhe obtaind a genteel and ample jointure.

Cathal however was not dead, but conceived a mortal and deep-rooted jealouſy againſt his wife, though no perſon whatever could behave with greater propriety and decorum; and on the evening of his departure, had formed the diabolical idea of murdering the moſt amiable of her ſex. Whilſt theſe gloomy and horrid thoughts occupied his diſtracted mind, he was ſuddenly ſurrounded by four men in the habit of ſeamen. Who conducted him to a ſhip lying off the coaſt, which immediately ſet ſail, as it was ſuppoſed for America.

For ſome time they had a proſperous voyage; but at length a terrible ſtorm aroſe, which, with adverſe winds, drove them entirely out of their courſe, on the coaſt of Africa, in a very crippled condition; the ſails were almoſt rent in pieces and yards broken; ſo that it was impoſſible to proceed without repairs. It was therefore determined to make for the Madeiras, and they were already in ſight of theſe iſlands when they were attacked by a Salle Rover, taken and carried into that port. From whence Cathal and his companions were marched into the interior parts of the country, through barren rocks and ſandy deſerts almoſt naked and expoſed during the day to a ſcorching ſun, and during the night to no leſs pernicious dews. Fourteen days of a laborious and painful journey brought them to the city of Morocco, where, in the public market they were ſold for ſlaves and ſent into the various parts of the country. Cathal's lot was to work in the garden of the emperor, in which his labour was great, and maintenance indifferent. The conſtant drawing of water for the ſeveral and numerous plants in that dry and ſultry climate during the night, with digging and other occupations in day, nearly exhauſted his ſtrength. But his corporeal ſufferings, however great, by no means equalled his mental; repentance and remorſe had now ſucceeded his former frenzy, and he ſaw the injuſtice and wickedneſs of his former ill-grounded ſuſpicions: but, alas! it was too late, there was no probability remaining, or even a moſt diſtant proſpect of his ever ſeeing his injured wife, home, or country, again. A calm and pious reſignation to his wretched fate, and diligence in the duties of his buſineſs, were the only conſolations now left him. He had always been fond of gardening, by which means he had acquired a conſiderable knowledge in that rural art. This, with the propriety of his conduct, after ſome years, advanced him to the rank of principal gardener and director of the plantations belonging to the royal palace. In this ſtate, the care which he took of the fountains, arbours, and ſhady groves, procured the attention of, and numerous valuable preſents from the ladies of the ſeraglio. One, who was by birth a European, uſed her utmoſt endeavours to leſſen the rigour of his ſervitude. By her intereſt he was made principal builder or architect of the palace, an employment not only honourable but lucrative: ſo that after a period of thirty years, he found himſelf poſſeſſed of a property, not only ſufficient to purchaſe

purchaſe his freedom, but to render him independent and comfortable during the remainder of his life: he therefore began to entertain ſerious thoughts of returning to his native country. Having procured his liberty, and by means of the Engliſh conſul at Algiers, obtained permiſſion of the emperor to quit his ſervice, embarked from the laſt mentioned port, and after a proſperous voyage of five weeks, arrived ſafe at Cork. Though now in his native country, and near the place of his birth he found himſelf a perfect ſtranger. An abſence of thirty years, and the burning ſun of Africa, has ſo much altered both his complexion and features, that it was impoſſible for thoſe of his moſt intimate acquaintance to recollect him; and the intereſt of his relations eſpecially thoſe who were in poſſeſſion of his property, prevented them from acknowledging a perſon, who would on that account deprive them of their income. A law-ſuit, was in conſequence commenced, but not being able to identify his perſon, loſt his cauſe. Chagrined at the diſappointment, he broke off all connexion with his family, changed his name, and with the property which he had brought from abroad, retired to Dublin where he remained ſeveral years.

During his reſidence in that city, he became acquainted with a widow lady, ſomewhat turned of fifty, of an amiable diſpoſition and large dower he paid his addreſſes to her, and after ſometime they were married. But what was their mutual aſtoniſhment, when, from relating the paſt tranſactions of their lives, it was diſcovered that the lady with whom Cathal had again entered into matrimony, was his former wife. By her entreaties another law-ſuit was commenced, and ſhe being able to identify his perſon, they recovered all their property and lived the remainder of their lives in perfect union and happineſs.

Here we may obſerve the wiſdom and juſtice of Providence. If Cathal had not been taken off by the ſailors, he would have murdered an innocent and amiable perſon, and himſelf ſuffered an ignominious death from the offended laws of his country. Even the intention of the crime was ſeverely puniſhed in thirty years exile ſlavery, and the remorſe of a repentant and guilty conſcience. The object alſo of his intended crime, was permitted to become the property of another perſon, which he was ſo anxious to prevent or puniſh. Yet they were at length re-united, paſſed the remainder of their lives more happily, and enjoyed a greater income than moſt probably they ever would have done, if thoſe incidents had never come to paſs.

Naval Anecdote.

THE following is an additional proof of the bravery of our naval commanders:—In the action of lord Anſon and m. Jonquieſe, in 1747, when the Briſtol began to engage the Invincible, captain Fincher, in the Pembroke, endeavoured to get in between her and the enemy; but not finding room enough ſo to do, captain Fincher hailed the Briſtol, and requeſted captain Montagu to put his helm a ſtarboard, or the Pembroke would run foul of his ſhip, to this captain Montagu replied, 'Run foul of 'me, ſhould be d—d; neither you, nor 'any man in the world, ſhall come 'between me and my enemy'—When the Briſtol had fairly ſilenced the Invincible, captain Montagu ordered his ſails to be ſet, and went onto a freſh attack, cheering his gallant crew by ſaying, in the ſportſman's ſtyle, 'Come, my brave boys 'we muſt have another bird of 'them.'

Dublin Theatre-Royal.

ON Saturday, the second instant, were performed the comedy of 'Begone Dull Care'—with the entertainment of 'Ella Rosenberg:' this play is from the pen of that celebrated manufacturer of dramatic commodity, mr. Reynolds, and not, we imagine, one of the happiest of his productions, at least on taking the sense of the house during the representation; and at the conclusion there appeared a vast majority rather inclined to condemn than to applaud it: and though it has the usual aid of witticism, repartee, and an appropriate share of far-fetched sentiment and fulsome panegyric to support it, yet we believe its reign on the boards of Crow-street, will be of shorter duration than at old Drury and Covent Garden, where we understand it is performing at present with more applause than we can allow it to deserve.

We shall not wade through the mazes of an intricate, and in some places, an obscure plot which could neither interest nor amuse our readers, but shall be content with detailing the characters which composed it, and the manner in which they were supported.

The part of Lord Blushdale was performed by mr. Fullam, from whom it received all the force which the humour of it (if humour it might be called) permitted him to exercise—with his accustomed good nature and good sense, he left out a passage, which on the first representation of it, gave some offence to the audience.

Mr. Foot in Sir Arthur, exhibited much *stoical apathy throughout the character*; and we question if a late degraded general submitted to his unqualified disgrace with more philosophical *sang froid* that mr. Foote presented us with in face, voice, and manner, on his being defeated in his projects, and overwhelmed with ignominy. Not so with mr. H. Johnson, who rendered by his feeling and expression, a bad part both interesting and consequential. The Captain Modern of mr. Melvin was, as his acting is in general, graceful, elegant, and gentlemanly; there is more obligation due by the *playwright* to mr. Melvin than from him to the *playwright*.

Mrs. Edwin as usual captivating, expressive and engaging. Miss Walstein, in Selina, perfectly herself; and we cannot close the scene without remarking, in justice to mrs. Mc'Culloch, that she bids fair to stand unrivalled in that line of business which she at present supports: in the house keeper on that night, she had vast merit—in truth she is at all times so perfect, and so desirous of deserving applause, that we are always gratified on her receiving those proofs of approbation which she is so justly entitled to.

On Tuesday, the 5th of this month was performed, for the benefit of monsr. St. Pierre, the beautiful tragedy of Douglas:—as this is a play so universally known, and on the merits and performance of which so many elogiums and critiques have been written, we should not, at this time, dwell on the subject, were it not to remark the melancholy state of our theatre at present, and in some measure to account for its deplorable declension. Several reasons might be adduced for this falling off, but we shall confine ourselves to the most prominent and obvious causes of its degradation—the first and greatest of which we do not hesitate to say originates with the manager, who, while he revels in another land, deigns not to pay the slightest regard to the state of the Irish stage, or the entertainment of that audience to whom he is highly indebted. But mr. J—, a Fee, Faw, Fum, (a name he is better known by) has, it is evident, with the habit, caught the propensities of an *Irish absentee*; and provided

have remittances to supply his extravagancies and indulge his appetites, is callous to the complaints or the claims of that eſtabliſhment from which he draws his ſupport—to maintain this aſſertion, we ſhall make one remark, for the truth of which we appeal to every lover of the drama, and to the public in general, who we believe will agree with us, that there is not at this moment in the firſt theatre of the ſecond city in the united kingdom, one actreſs capable of performing the character of Lady Randolph—(not as we *have ſeen it played*: for of that we diſpair while the reins of manegerial power are veſted in the hands of its preſent monarch) but capable of performing the part with *common decency*. Perhaps to this charge mr. J— will, like ſome other great little men, plead the order of the day, and juſtify his conduct through the medium of '*imperious neceſſity*;' but however becoming or pardonable ſuch language may be from the lips of a G—ſt—d or a G—ſt—n, yet coming from ſo decided a ſervant of the public as the manager of a theatre, it muſt be conſidered not only as unwarrantable, but indecent; and we truſt mr. J— has more grace than to adopt it—and the more particularly, as we can to a certainty demonſtrate, that the fault does not originate in '*imperious neceſſity*,' but owes its birth to a *parſimonious diſpoſition* on the ſide of the manager, blended with a good deal of *prejudice* and *partiality*, neither of which we believe, ſhould be ſuffered to predominate in a caſe of this nature, where his duty to the public is concerned.—Will mr. J— be confident enough to tell us that it is not poſſibe to provide performers of merit for the city of Dublin, (ſome, it is true, of the immediate company rank highly in their reſpective departments but the number muſt be allowed is conſiderably on the minor ſide of the queſtion;) we know that many people of the firſt rate talents would prefer an engagement in this city to that of one in any provincial theatre in England, '*but good performers demand good ſalaries*.', and what performer of firſt rate talents would ſacrifice their time for the paltry ſum of five pounds a week, for that is the higheſt ſalary paid in the theatre of mr. J—. and that but to *individuals*.—The inferior ſalaries are indeed wretched beyond belief, for if our information be correct, and we bluſh to detail it amongſt others, one lady engaged as a *Figurante*, has the enormous ſum of *nine ſhillings and five-pence halfpenny per week*, out of which ſhe only finds gloves, ſhoes, and ribons!! Dances every night, and attends rehearſal every day.—If this be not doling out '*the widows mite*' we wonder at it: but for the honor of human nature we will ſuppoſe, that the manager is, through the 'imperious neceſſity of *abſence*, unacquainted with this and many other circumſtances of a like nature: for however dead he may be to conſideration as a manager, we will not imagine him ſo callous to feeling as a man. Should this charge be unfounded, it is in his power to refute it; but ſhould it be found really to exiſt, it is in his power to do *ſtill better*, by making that reſtitution which is incumbent on him as a Chriſtian:—but an appeal of this nature will poſſibly not reach him—he is playing the *abſentee* in London, and his poor vaſſals in Dublin may periſh, while he revels on the fruits of their labours:—It is true, as the author of familiar epiſtles has ſtated, the nett emolument is not *much more* than 5000l. a year, and that we confeſs requires every prudence and thrifty retrenchment to render it an object worth the attention of an individual!!!

This, however, is an ungracious and unpleaſant topic, and for the preſent we diſmiſs it to make way for

our

our opinions of the performance of the tragedy in queſtion.

The part of lady Randolph received from mrs. Maſon neither dignity nor intereſt; on the contrary, it was evidently effective in both: that lady muſt be told, for ſhe appears not to know it, that grace does not conſiſt in the broad weighty ſtep of aſſumed importance, no more than the convulſive catch in the voice, amounting to ſomething like a ſuppreſſed hiccup can be ſaid to be affecting or pathetic.—We pray her 'to reform it altogether,' and the ſooner ſhe ſets about it, the better it will be for herſelf and thoſe who are in future doomed be her auditors.—In fact, mrs. Maſon, ſo far from being qualified by nature or art (for in ſome caſes art will avail nothing) to repreſent the ſoft, the beautiful, and dignified Caledonian dame, that neither her perſon nor her powers entitle her to appear even as *mrs. Randolph* if ſuch a character taken from humble domeſtic life, excited in the drama—as mrs. Maſon, we have no diſlike to the lady, but coming before us in this 'queſtionable ſhape,' we feel it our duty to ſpeak our minds freely and declare, we cannot admire her profeſſionally, at leaſt in the firſt line of tragedy, which has been, for what reaſon we know not, given to her in preference to miſs Walſtein, a lady poſſeſſed of many very fine requiſites for that line of buſineſs, which mrs. Maſon is ſo badly calculated to ſupport. Probably mr. J— has *not ſeen* the lady, but has taken the word of his deputy—or his deputy's deputy for her merit as an actreſs; or it is that mr. J—is ſtill of opinion that '*nothing can be too bad for thoſe who could at all bear what we have tamely borne.*'—Be it as it may, we are the aggrieved party; nor have we much hope of redreſs ſo long as the theatre remains under the influence of its preſent proprietor.

There is not perhaps in the whole range of the drama a character more definitely drawn by the author than that of Glenalven; and made up as it is of few paſſions, and thoſe not the moſt difficult to aſſume, we ſhould imagine that a performer of mr. Holman's long ſtanding and vaſt practice and experience, would find little hardſhips in giving it that colouring and effect which the writer meant it ſhould appear in to an audience; yet ſorry are we to ſay, that mr. Holman appeared in almoſt every ſcene to have miſtaken the character, and in room of the crafty, ſly, inſinuating villain—who, as Lady Randolph depicts him (and which ſhould have been a guide to mr. Holman, who at this time of day ſhould not need one by the bye)—'ſubtle and ſhrewd, offers to mankind a *picture of himſelf.*'—that is, he diſguiſes his real character under the garb of the blunt warrior, and the faithful friend, while he is in ſecret meditating the murder of his kinſman and the poſſeſſion of his wife. In room then of this artful, treacherous, well-practiſed villain, mr. Holman preſented us with a broad unqualified aſſaſſin, above diſguiſe in look voice and manner—he ſtarted loudly from the poſt, and on his firſt ſalutation of the confidante, whom it ſhould have been his purpoſe to wind himſelf into the good graces of, exhibited ſuch a countenance of diabolical wrath and malignancy, that the *little girl* withdrew precipitately, and without much grace—for the Farmer we give her credit, for even a *middle ſized* confidante might have been ſeized with ſimilar apprehenſions; and on the ſcore of her fright we pardon her for that want of addreſs which perhaps, on other occaſions ſhe may be miſtreſs of.

Mr. H— certainly is bleſſed with ſome very happy requiſites for his profeſſion, and particularly with a fine manly ſonorous voice, of va compaſs but confined to few tones and leſs modulation. In ſome cha-

racter

racters this bears him through with credit, but we cannot agree to the propriety of hearing it on almoſt every occaſion wound up within a note or two of what Hogarth ludicriouſly called, 'the *bull-roar of Whitfield.*' ! ! !

One queſtion or two we beg leave to put to mr. Holman, without a purpoſe or a wiſh of offending him—why was the part of lord Randolph given to a youth who to all appearance was *much the junior* of the blooming Norval?—Did the company afford no one performer, who in point of years might have been a fit repreſentative of the huſband of lady Randolph; the head of an ancient houſe, and the choſen leader of the armies?—Or was it that mr. Holman *goodnaturedly* conceived, that mr. Johnſon *would appear to more advantage, and look more youthful by being placed by the ſide of an almoſt beardleſs ſtripling?* We believe we may boldly affirm, that in thoſe days in which mr. Holman was in the habit of *treating* us with the juvenile hero of the houſe of Douglas, he never did *from choice prefer the moſt blooming boy* in the theatre to play the part of Lord Randolph to him. On other occaſions we can perceive that mr. H. is tenacious enough in matching his heroines, and caſting the parts according to *ſize*, inſtead of appropriate qualification; nay, we have been informed, that on ſome VERY NICE occaſions, he is not above reſorting to the medium of ſergeant Kite, and *applying the ſtandard* with a ſcrupulous exactitude; but all this is fair, and the ladies are ſurely entitled to the but we can do for them. Mr. Simpſon ſpoke the part in general very correctly and well—that he did not look it, was not his fault: ſome twenty years hence he will be better calculated for the character.

Of the Old Norval of mr. Foote, we ſhall give no opinion of our own, but merely detail one which was applied to him on that night by a grave *partridge-like* man who ſat in the middle gallery, and declared to a neighbour on the ſame bench with him, in a half whiſper, 'that the old ſhepherd was a *mighty well ſpoken man, and took his time bravely*;' and then his neighbour remarked, that 'he was ſure he muſt be a very pleaſant old man, he had ſuch a *ſmirking ſmile* upon his face all night.'

The Douglas of mr. Johnſon has ſtill vaſt merit—his performance of the part, however, has ſuffered leſs from an increaſed figure and more manly countenance, than it is evident it has done from the conſtant practice of performing in theſe extravagant pantomimic ſpectacles which we prophetically pronounce bid fair to be the grave of natural and intereſting acting. At a future day we ſhall ſay a ſomething on that ſubject—the action and the attitudes of the Caledonian boy are become too frequent, too ſtudied, and too extravagant; at the ſame time we know no one at preſent who could at all do the part equal juſtice—we cannot however diſmiſs the gentleman without one remark, which we likewiſe ſubmit to his own judgment, and that of his moſt judicious friends; and almoſt believe that he and they will agree with us that it was neither conſiſtent with the undiſſembling, gallant Norval's temper and diſpoſition to kneel to Lord Randolph, at a time when he conſidered, and knew him, as an uſurper, and was meditating a purpoſe of driving him from his unlawful poſſeſſions. Yet, under theſe circumſtances, mr. J—, for a moment, we believe, forgot himſelf as young Norval, and knelt to the ſpoiler of his birth-right. Mr. J— will collect the circumſtance and the paſſage—'to the liege lord &c.' and perhaps mr. J— will not be above taking advantage of an opinion which is given with the very beſt intention.

The play was followed by *a pair of ſpectacles*, which afforded m. St. Pierre and miſs Lupino an opportunity

nity of exhibiting their professional powers to a delighted and applauding audience—while every now and then, the poor figurantes ran the gauntlet through the hisses, hootings, and execrations of both pit and galleries.—Oh mr. J—, mr. J—, how this would delight you ! ! !

On Wednesday, the 27th, The School for Scandal, with the melo-drama of Ella Rosenberg.

Of the former we shall only observe, that scandal seemed to have deserted that rank of life which we have been accustomed formerly to have seen her affect, and take her abode amongst an inferior order of society. Little remained but the name of that malicious junto which was wont to set the audience in a roar; and we could not but look back with regret at the days of Daly and of Ryder, when every character in the piece had so superior a representative.—We would not be gloomy—'but we must remember that such things were as were most dear to us.' Nor can we forbear saying, that with the exception of two or three characters, the performance was flat, insipid, languid, and uninteresting—in particular these scenes which we have hitherto known to be the very fiddle of the piece, were, to say truth, most wretchedly defective.

The *Crabtree* of mr. Williams was *sour* enough in conscience—nay, it was *bitter* bad—we could not swallow it.

Sir Benjamin Backbite was a mere dawdeiling attempt at something like foppery and fashion, but very unlike either:—we trust it is the last time that gentleman will come forward in such a cast—he is utterly unfit for it.

Mr. Foot was certainly more at home in the hypocritical Joseph than we have seen him in any other character: not that we would insinuate that it is more congenial to his nature—for we are taught to believe the reverse; but there is a sardonic quy in the delivery of mr. Foot, accompanied with an unimpassioned cast of countenance which did him no small service on the occasion. In fact, his Joseph appears to us to be his *chef d'ouvre*.

Mr. Lee evidently has no pretensions to the part of Sir Oliver. The most we can say of him is, that he was perfect, and did his best to please in a good-humoured and easy manner; but we have seen old Mitchel make so fine a part of it, that we cannot remember *him* without prejudice to its last night's representative.

Trip, in the hands of George Dawson, was a great piece of acting. In the hands of mr. Simpson, it was divested of every pretention to humour—it excited not even a smile.

Moses was well conceived by mr. Johnson—well dressed, with the exception of his hair, which in its uncombed and ragged state, excited some unpleasant sensations. His face was rather squalid and dejected. Moses might be Jew enough still, and yet be more respectable in his appearance—he spoke the part capitally.

Mr. Norman was easy in Old Rowley—much more could not be done for him.

Of the Charles of mr. Melvin, we had sanguine expectations; perhaps we suffered them to carry us too far—and that in some measure may account for the excessive disappointment which we suffered on the occasion. With regret, indeed, we learn that the gentleman's health is at present much impaired, and on that score we shall lean as lightly as possible on his performance of the lively fashionable rake which the author has so happily presented to us, but to whom mr. Melvin afforded us last night not even a shadow. Charles—the volatile, animating soul of society was not there—all was languid, forced, and inconsequential. Neither

the figure, voice, face, nor manner of mr. Melvin are calculated to support the part: the former wants height and dignity—it wants grace and fashion—the second is deficient in compass and variety: his face requires an expression which nature has denied him, in this line at least—and his manner is boyish and unfinished. No: Charles was not there—and the gentleman himself appeared to feel that it was the case. Still, however, some of the minor scenes had much merit—they were easy: natural, and gentlemanly; and mr. Melvin, in his native walk of comedy, possesses talents of a very superior order.

If sir Peter Teazle be not the *very* best, it is *one* of the best parts which Fullam supports on the stage is natural, chaste, and affecting; and we have seldom received more pleasure in this way, than we did last night from his performance of that character—he got full possession of our heart; and the tear and the smile which he involuntarily drew from us, is the best proof of his extensive powers in his profession: his whole scenes in the 4th act were inimitable—and the applauses which were bestowed on him were no less honorable to him than to his auditors, who so liberally paid that tribute which he so highly meritted. We cannot however avoid thinking that he was rather plainly dressed for the part, and that his hairdresser did not do him justice.

Mrs. Mason played mrs. Candour—and with our usual candour we must say, we were *not delighted* with the lady.

Mrs. Mc'Cullogh, looked and spoke the part of Lady Sneerwell, but that is not the line of character which that lady is now fit for—her's is a different cast, and in that cast she has no equal in the theatre.

Maria, by miss Sheridan, was what Maria generally is, tame and uninteresting. The author has not done much for it, and the young lady made the best she could of a bad bargain.

We have seen miss Walstein, to much advantage in the part of Lady Teazle, and we wonder under what circumstance it was taken from her, and given to mrs. Edwin who last night appeared in the character.—The lady cannot suspect us of prejudice, or partiality, as she has few more sanguine admirers of her dramatic powers, than we are and few who have come more warmly forward to proclaim their excellence to the world, but we should be unjust to ourselves, and to the public, were we in this instance to belie our judgment, by apparently approving that which we innately condemn—or bestowing that applause which was not meritted. In this predicament we stand at present, and we will speak our opinions freely, and as becomes us.

Mrs. Edwin then, though highly gifted with inimitable powers 'to steal away our hearts' in lively, and animated comedy, and in that she has no equal—at least on this stage—Yet, as the representative of a more dignified and graceful order of life she cannot stand in competition with miss Walstein—whose figure, address, and elegance of manners, give her the most decided superiority. On this account, the Lady Teazle of mrs. Edwin did, by no means, satisfy us—we looked for the fine fashionable courtly Belle which she appears in the hands of miss Walstein; and suffered no small mortification in the disappointment.—Of late we are inclined to notice an unpleasant change in the voice and enunciation of mrs. Edwin—perhaps it may be the order of the day to adopt a *breadth* of utterance, in some cases approaching to a *brogue*; on this we cannot decide, (though we have been informed it has the sanction of the queen of comedy, mrs. Jordan; and if so, it will

shortly

ſhortly prevade every rank of ſociety) but it is poſſitively certain, that mrs. Edwin played the whole of the laſt act ſo much in the manner of miſs Sheridan, that we conceived ſhe had either been infected by, or was purpoſely mimicking, that young lady. We were about to recommend miſs Sheridan ſome time ſince to get rid of her national defect; but from the face which things at preſent wear in this way, we recommend her not to part with it, as it may ſhortly be the firſt feather in her cap.

The play was ſucceeded by the entertainment of Ella Roſenbergh; but of that much has been already ſaid—and on it we ſhall drop the curtain.

The muſical interlude of the CUCKOO which has of late been given with ſo much effect in our theatre, was withheld laſt night—from what motive we cannot ſay:—many were ſuggeſted and amongſt others, and indeed the moſt likely, that it was reſerved for the *gratification of individuals*; and that the *thing* was dumb in their abſence—ſome go ſo far as to ſay, that it is the *ghoſt of a cuckoo*, and that its alarms are far from being grateful to the manager: at preſent we can form no certain opinion, but in a night or two we ſhall be better able to judge of the truth of theſe aſſertions;—in the mean time we ſhall be as dumb on the ſubject as the object of our enquiry was laſt night.

Miſcellaneous Selection for the Fair Sex.

MAXIMS.

Habituate yourſelf to that way of life moſt agreeable to the perſon to whom you may be united: be content with retirement, or with ſociety, with town or the country.

If he ſhould prefer the country during your earlier years, a period when diverſions are moſt attractive, it may at firſt be painful; you may be ſenſible of the privation, but your chance for durable happineſs is infinitely greater there than where each ſide is ſurrounded with continual dangers to domeſtic tranquillity.

Make choſe of ſuch amuſements as will attach him to your company; ſtudy ſuch occupations as will render you of conſequence to him, ſuch as the management of his fortune, and the conduct of his houſe; yet without aſſuming a ſuperiority unbecoming your ſex.

If his turn of mind leads him to the inſpection and care of his eſtate, avoid to interfere with a branch of government, not properly your ſphere.

Should he be neglectful of his family intereſts, ſupply his place with redoubled attention.

If the contagion of example, gain too much aſcendancy over him, if miſled by pleaſures or hurried by paſſion, let not your impatience prevent his return to reaſon.

Let an early examination of his temper prepare you to bear with inequalities, to which all are more or leſs ſubject.

Diſturb not the hours he may have allotted for amuſement, with the recital of domeſtic grievances.

Watch for, and profit of ſuch moments of his leiſure, as will allow him without pain or chagrin, to redreſs them.

If abſolute neceſſity or free choice call him often from home, (ſuppoſe it to be too often) when he ſhall revisit that home, make it ſo agreeable to him, as that it ſhall finally acquire the preference.

Shew the greateſt reſpect to his near relations, obſerve a conſtant civility towards the more diſtant: let there be no marked diſtinction between thoſe on either ſide, in your own breaſt natural affection may—but ought to prevail.

From the moment you ſhall have form-

formed an indiſſoluble engagement, avoid every path which leads to jealouſy; harbour not the dangerous gueſt with you, and by every prudent caution ſuffer it not to fix near you.

Should you have too juſt cauſe for ſuſpicion of a change of affection, and its diverſion to another object, let ready and obliging indulgence attempt the work of reformation; it promiſes better ſucceſs than diſcontent and clamorous grief.

Bon Mot.

A LATE celebrated phyſician, no leſs remarkable for his profeſſional ſkill and addreſs, than for a ſatyric and cynical diſpoſition which rendered him the ſcourge and dread of all within his reach, One day informed a female friend of his, (a lady of very brilliant talents, and uncommonly happy in inſtant and lively repartee;) that, 'he was immediately ſetting out for London in order to have an operation performed on his liver, the diſeaſe of which he had long laboured under:' and pray doctor, ſaid the lady, with emotion and ſurprize, will that be poſſible—how will they get at your liver? Aye 'tis very poſſible, replied he, 'tis but ſimply making an inciſion in my ſide, protruding the liver, and dextrouſly cutting away the ſchirrus!'—'Oh then God bleſs you my dear doctor!' ſaid the lady, *while their hand is in dont forget the gall.*

Reply of Mahomet.

MAHOMET being once aſked, what is this Alla whom thou declareſt unto the people, replied,—'It is he whom derives being from himſelf—from all others derive their being—whom and to whom there is no likeneſs in the whole extent of ſpace.'

On the Art of Printing.

Hail myſtic art! which men like angels, taught,
To ſpeak to eyes, and paint embody'd thought;
Though deaf and dumb:—bleſt ſkill, reliev'd by thee,
We make one ſenſe perform the taſk of three;
We ſee, we hear, we touch the head and heart,
And take or give what each but yields in part;
With the hard laws of diſtance we diſpenſe,
And without ſound, apart commune in ſenſe;
View, tho' confin'd, nay rule this earthly ball,
And travel o'er the wide expanded all;
Dead letters thus with living notions fraught,
Prove to the ſoul the teleſcope of thought;
To mortal life immortal honour give,
And bid all deeds and titles laſt and live;
In ſcanty life—*Eternity* we taſte,
View the firſt ages, and inform the laſt;
Arts, hiſtory, laws, we purchaſe with a look,
And keep like *fate* all nature in a book.

London Faſhions.

LADIES DRESSES.

EVENING full dreſs.—A ſoft ſatin, of a beautiful amber and brown ſhot, worn over a ſarſnet ſlip, made with a ſhort train, a quarter and an half in length on the ground; the back of the dreſs is ſhort and ſquare; the ſleeves are made in ſtraight ſtripes down the arm, with a row of amber and white ſatin; they are quite plain, and worn cloſe to the arm, long ſleeves confined round the wriſts, with pearl bracelets; a French body of white ſatin, faſtened in the centre of the boſom with a pearl broach, confined to the ſhape, and drawn down at each ſide of the neck, with pearl claſps to correſpond. A broad band from the centre of the boſom, confined round the waiſt, laced behind, and cut with a peak to faſten in the middle of the back. The front of the dreſs is made in one complete piece; the front is brought ſtraight acroſs the boſom, and the ſatin body

is placed over it, which forms a fatin tucker to the boſom. A rich drapery of white lace is thrown careleſſly over the ſhoulders. The hair is dreſſed in a new ſtyle; ornamented with a pearl crown placed over the right eye, necklace, and bracelets to correſpond; French kid gloves, and white ſatin ſhoes.

Opera full dreſs.—A ſimple white muſlin gown, made with a ſhort train, and enriched round the bottom with a ſuperb border of ruby foil, made perfectly plain, with a ſquare back, and looſe front, gathered into a band of white ſatin; the ſhoulder ſtraps are alſo of white ſatin, which continue round the back; the ſleeves are made ſhort to cover only the top of the ſhoulder, gathered into a band of white ſatin, with ſcarcely any fullneſs to correſpond. The dreſs is worn over white ſatin; a rich India ruby mantle, edged with gold, is ſuſpended over the left ſhoulder, and conceals the arm. The hair is dreſſed plain, with a ruby handkerchief, taſtefully placed acroſs the head. Cornelian necklace and ear-rings. Shoes to correſpond with the mantle and headdreſs.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES.

The evening dreſs—of the circles of faſhion ſtill continues to be dark blue coats, with large guilt buttons, with either a velvet collar, or of the ſame cloth, according to the fancy of the wearer; white quilting marſeilles waiſtcoat, ſingle breaſted; and light drab kerſeymere breeches, with covered buttons and ſilk ſtrings at the knees.

Such has been the prevailing dreſs during the month of February; and, as far as colours are worn, will, doubtleſs, continue for the preſent; but the approach of lent will, in its final courſe, introduce the wearing of black ſuits, as the moſt genteel and moſt propor evening dreſs, in all polite parties. The coat will, of courſe, be made doublebreaſted, and in the ſame ſtile of faſhion as the coloured coats, and with covered buttons; and, though black kerſeymere waiſtcoats and breeches may be conſidered genteel black ſilk florentine will be more gentlemanly and faſhionable.

For morning dreſs—we obſerve many browns or mixtures, and the moſt faſhionable are ſingle breaſted, with collars of the ſame cloth, and white plated buttons; plain buff kerſeymere or ſtripe toilinet waiſtcoats ſtill take the lead in preference to ſcarlet; drab colour ribbed kerſeymere breeches, with gilt buttons and brown top boots; or plain drab colour kerſeymere pantaloons, with Heſſian boots.

Dark olive colour great coats, ſingle breaſted, with covered buttons, and collars of the ſame cloth: the forepart and ſkirts lined with ſilk of the ſame colour; and if with the addition of brown fur cuffs and collar the more faſhionable. Silk loops on the forepart, with ſilk barrel buttons, and a trimming on the hip of the conſtitute what may be termed a dreſs great coat for the opera or public aſſemblies.

Adverti ſement Extraordinary.

To ſuch gallant ſparks as would forfeit their title to Chriſtianity, rather than lay aſide duelling, to preſerve an imaginary honor.

IBRAHIM SHAMDUEL, a Jew, from Amſterdam, juſt arrived in this city, has with infinite labour and many years ſtudy, invented, and profeſſeth to teach every ſafe and uſeful method of acquiring the *character* of a *man of honor*, by the art of confederacy, either without fighting at all, or by a mock battle with powder only, as time, place, or other circumſtances may agree; for the utility of which curious ſecret, he appeals to

Beau

Beau Marfight, Jack Miſs-fire, and ſeveral other perſonages abroad, who love to ſleep in a whole ſkin, and would yet endeavour to paſs on the world as brave fellows. His manner is equally ſafe, both as to law and ſurgeon's miſtakes, or any other diſaſter whatever, except perhaps the ſingeing of a lock of hair, by the flaſhing in the pan, and ſometimes the palpitation of the heart; which fluttering is ſoon removed by a few drops of ſalvolatile in a glaſs of pump water.

He hath alſo invented a very ſafe method of uſing the ſmall ſword, or a rapier and dagger (which laſt was the true Gothic way of duelling,) as alſo the Dutch method called *ſuig* or *ſuet*; but he confeſſes an Iriſh ſaplin beyond his art, (a weapon that 'tis a pity all that are truly brave do not uſe. His method for ſharps, he acknowledges to owe to the hint given by *Cervantes* of Baſil's Stratagem at Camacho's wedding in Don Quixotte. To convey a bladder of blood near the breaſt, which a combatant (being firſt prepared by a ſkilful maſter how to plant a thruſt dexterouſly) is to tap. He alſo profeſſes as much ſkill in ſurgery as the caſe of ſuch bloody wounds require; and hath at the requeſt of ſome *valiant duelliſts*, by the application of a ſlight cauſtic, which gives no pain, imprinted a mark ſufficient to deceive moſt people, which he can apply to both back and breaſt, to give the appearance of a wound quite through the body; he underſtands as well as any ſurgeon how to magnify the danger of his patient, having a catalogue of all the mortal wounds completely by heart, with the knowledge of every ill ſymptom, &c. for the cure of which kind of harmleſs pinkings, he hath even gained immortal honour; all which he promiſes to manage with as much ſecrecy as any perſon employed in the cure of a certain modiſh diſeaſe is obliged to uſe. He aſſures all high-mettled ſparks, that by theſe methods of duelling, he hath conferred fame, reputation, honor and bravery, on many a conſtitutional coward, whoſe friends, by theſe gallant actions, have, by their pretending illneſs, frequently bewailed their ſeemingly dangerous condition; for the better colour, to which, he generally preſcribes a mercurial courſe, in order to add a ſallowneſs to their complexions, and eradicate antient complaints. As his art is quite new, and very uſeful to ſociety, he hopes no perſon will pretend to build upon his hint, until he can monopoliſe upon his ſcheme by a patent. He is daily in fair *weather* to be ſpoken with from the hour of ten till two on *Bloody*-bridge, and from two till four at *Cut-throat-alley*: he is a low thin-viſaged man, much addicted to bile, wears a fierce cocked hat, a long *cut and thruſt* andrew-ferrara, a ſcarlet coat, his hair in a long queue *a la militaire*.

N. B. He has ſeveral ſhort dialogues ready penned, eaſily remembered, and very proper to introduce a quarrel.

W. T.

Ireland as it is.

IF there be any caſe, in which, more than another, it behoves thoſe, who venture to ſtate an opinion, to ſatisfy their own minds perfectly of the juſtice of their impreſſion, it is that, wherein their opinion, if adopted and acted upon, would be deciſive of the happineſs or miſery of millions of their fellow-creatures. Yet ſo indiſpoſed or incapable is the bulk of mankind, to undertake or exerciſe this important function of intellectual or independent beings, that there is no impoſition too groſs, no error too flagrant, not to obtain the countenance and ſupport of the ignorant and unreflecting. The facility of being deluded is the prorogative of the vulgar and unlettered; and whilſt there are dupes there will be impoſ-

tors.

tors. Even thoſe who are fully competent to form a judgment, are the automatons of habit, influence, and aſſociation, unleſs where their own immediate intereſts hang upon the reſult of their deciſion. Public meaſures are of wide operation, and comparatively diſtant conſequences; and, unleſs their effects be locally felt, or faithfully expoſed, the generality of the people ſeldom beſtow a thought upon them. This is more particularly the caſe, when the intereſts of remote parts only of the empire are at ſtake, and the exiſtence of habitual prejudices adds to the facility of popular deluſion. Weak men with heated imaginations, and wicked men with factious objects, are equally ready to promote their reſpective purpoſes, by ſtimulating the very worſt propenſities of the unthinking part of the community. No part of the empire has ſuffered, in this way, ſo much as Ireland, becauſe no part has been ſo uniformly traduced, miſrepreſented, and condemned, either in the whole or in part, by almoſt all of thoſe who have undertaken to give to the Britiſh public an idea of its actual ſituation. We have had bigots of all ſects, and partiſans of all factions amongſt the labourers in this department, but from the groſs miſtatements in parliament, down to the unbluſhing ignorance and effrontery of the wretched pamphlet of mr. John Bowles, there has not been any ſtatement made to the public, founded upon a comprehenſive conception of the real extent of Iriſh grievances, and the abſolute neceſſity of adequate redreſs. In judging of the actual ſtate of Ireland, it would be abſurd to apply any ſtandard, by which the circumſtances of any other country are uſually eſtimated. Free without the benefits of the conſtitution, commercial without the poſſeſſion of capital, and agricultural in ſpite of every diſcouragement, the ſtate of that country defies all parallel or competition. To be juſtly aſcertained, it muſt be eſtimated as it is, without reference to any other country; and the inveſtigation, that is to lead to any general reſult, muſt be conducted with a view to the intereſts of the people, and not for local, partial, or party purpoſes. The great and immediate cauſe of the diſtreſſes of Ireland is the want of capital; the intermediate cauſe, which produces that want of capital, ariſes from the frequent diſturbances, interrupting the public tranquillity, and endangering the individual ſecurity of the inhabitants of that country: and the remote or ultimate cauſe is to be found in the high rents and the extravagant exactions of proprietors, proctors, and middlemen. This is the climax by which we aſcend to the true ſource and origin of Iriſh calamities. The ſtatement may be unpopular to the Iriſh landlords, but it is not the leſs founded; and no one of them, in or out of parliament, will venture to contradict it. The fact is well known to every one, in the higheſt degree acquainted with that country, that it would require more braſs than mr. Bowles has proved himſelf to poſſeſs, by writing on a ſubject, of which he is totally ignorant to deny it. But I ſhall proceed to examine the preciſe manner in which theſe cauſes reſpectively act, and here we ſhall find, that, though by a regular analyſis of their operation and ſeries, they follow in the order in which I have placed them, ſuch is the equality of their action and reaction, that they reciprocally produce each other and are produced. The want of capital acts in a variety of ways to depreſs the people, and retard the proſperity of Ireland. Moſt of the multiplied ſources of employment and induſtry, which afford ſupport and wealth to the people of other ſtates, are abſolutely ſhut to the people of Ireland for want of ſufficient means to proſecute them.

ſucceſs or effect. Only a ſingle manufacture, and that confined to one province, diverſifies the labours of the induſtrious claſſes. A country poſſeſſing every advantage of ſoil, of climate, and of favourable ſituation, for every purpoſe of manufacture and commerce, abſolutely languiſhes in a declining ſtate, becauſe it has not an opportunity of developing its natural reſources. The commercial jealouſy of the Engliſh mercantile and manufacturing intereſts, at the commencement of the laſt century, blaſted the manufacturing proſpects of Ireland, as if England could ſuffer by the proſperity of that country. The preſent century opened with ſome proſpects of the extinction of that narrow ſpirit, of monopoly, which conſtrued the health of the extremity, as the decay of the trunk. But it is in vain, that new proſpects and a more auſpicious feeling towards Ireland prevails, the defect of capital cramps its every exertion, and the unfortunate propenſity of its gentry to emulate the expenditure of their more affluent neighbours in this country, and their conſequent exactions from thoſe, who hold under them, keep the ſeeds of diſcontent alive, and cloſe the door againſt the introduction of Britiſh capital. The induſtry of the people, therefore, is, and muſt be confined to the operations of huſbandry and ſpeculations in land. Labour, like every thing elſe, which is to be purchaſed, muſt be ſimiliarly affected by the number and variety of markets, and the nature and extent of the de and for it. When the vent is limited and the ſellers numerous out of all proportion, the price muſt ſink, and the competition will be, not who ſhall gain moſt, but who ſhall loſe leaſt by the ſale. Indiſpenſable neceſſity obliges the unfortunate man, who brings his labour to market, to diſpoſe of it at whatever it will fetch, becauſe he has ſcarcely an alternative but irremediable want and ſtarvation. But the meaſure of his ſuffering does not end here. The ſame overflow of the market, that reduces the price of labour, enhances the rent of lands, and extends to the other extreme the ſources of popular grievance. Many bidders produce high prices, and avaricious proprietors take advantage of the demand to add to their exactions. To this it may be anſwered, that the undertaking is voluntary on the part of him, who rents land, and that the proprietor has a right to diſpoſe of his property to the beſt advantage. But how can that be voluntary, which is the fruit of dire and inevitable neceſſity? The labourer muſt come into any terms, or be deſtitute of the means of ſubſiſtence for his family. The landlord unqueſtionably has a right to diſpoſe of his land on the moſt advantageous terms, but as unqueſtionably he is bound in juſtice to raiſe the price he pays for labour in the ſame proportion, that he adds to the amount of rent for his land. Thus between the overcharges of the land proprietors and the middlemen, and the under rates of labour, the poor and oppreſſed peaſantry are ſcarcely able to procure a wretched ſubſiſtence, bereft of many of the neceſſaries, and totally deſtitute of any of the comforts or conveniencies of life.—It ſhould in this place be obſerved, that the agricultaral labourers are not the ſole ſufferers from theſe cauſes. All the working claſſes in Ireland, except in the cities and great towns, are cultivators, and conſequently ſeverely affected by the extravagant rents demanded for lands. The uncertainty of employment, and the ambition of being independent of the market for ſuſtenance, make them ſubmit to any terms, in order that they may have the means of raiſing produce for their own conſumption. The practice, however, is general, when poſſible, amongſt the poorer claſſes in Ireland, of tilling a cer-

tain

tain portion of land for the fupport of their families. In all the acts of the legiſlature, for ſecuring the rights of landlords or tenants, and regulating their reſpective intereſts and claims, there is no proviſion whatever to be found, that includes, within its protecting operation, this moſt numerous and oppreſſed claſs of occupants. An obolition or commutation of tythes would not afford relief to them, unleſs ſome effectual meaſures ſhould be taken, to ſhelter them from the exactions of the land proprietors and middlemen. The tenure, by which they hold, is univerſally annual, and, if we may judge of the future by the paſt, there is too much reaſon to conclude, that, ſo far as their intereſts are concerned, the removal of the burden of tythes would not be attended with any material advantage. The comparative cheapneſs of proviſions is, in general, an indication of naſcent wealth and growing proſperity. In general it is ſo, but in this particular caſe it is otherwiſe. The price of proviſions is compounded of the price of the labour, land, and materials, employed in their production. If the price of thoſe be low, whilſt the price of any one or two of theſe be raiſed, it muſt follow, that there is a correſpondent reduction in the price of the remaining component part or parts of the price of proviſions.

Thus, within the laſt thirty years the rents of lands have been trebled to the farmers and quadrupled to the peaſantry, whilſt the price of labour has ſcarcely advanced one-fourth, and the price of every material neceſſary to cultivation has been trebled; ſo that, if the price of proviſions has trebled within that period, as it undoubtedly has, it muſt be obvious, that the farmer is indemnified, for the advance of his rent, by the proportionate advance in the price of his produce, but that the great maſs of the people is ſubjected to treble the burthen as to proviſions, and quadruple the oppreſſion as to rents, whilſt their means have received only a fractional addition of one-fourth, or at moſt one-half, during the laſt thirty years.—This point is ſuſceptible of arithmetical demonſtration. If we ſuppoſe the price of labour thirty years ago to have been as four, and that the produce of labour was, at that time, adequate to the maintenence of a peaſant's family, we may deſignate the price of proviſions or the rent of lands, at the ſame period, by the ſame numerical denominator. The preſent price of proviſions, of labour, and the rent of lands let to the peaſantry will be clearly aſcertained, by applying the proportion of their reſpective augmentation to this common denominator. The reſult is, that labour increaſed one-half at moſt, is now as ſix, proviſions trebled as twelve, and rents quadrupled as ſixteen. So that, taking the average of rent and proviſions at fourteen, the diſproportion, between the labourer's neceſſary expenditure and his means, is nearly as two and a half to one. Under ſuch circumſtances, it would appear impoſſible for him to ſubſiſt himſelf and family by his labour; and the fact would be ſo, if the poſſeſſion of a ſmall portion of land, to raiſe produce for their ſupport, did not enable him to compenſate for the low price of his labour, and the extravagant rent of the land, by the intenſe and inceſſant exertions with which he cultivates it, both before and after his daily work. This ſtatement alone will ſuffice to refute the calumnies, ſo commonly circulated and believed of the Iriſh peaſantry, that they are idle, indolent, and lazy. When engaged in the buſineſs of their landlords, or rather taſk-maſters, who are anxious to get as much and pay as little as they can, they unqueſtionably do not diſplay as much alacrity and effort as when working for themſelves. It is not in human nature to

be

be reconciled to such an inequality of exaction and consideration. The wretched peasant, therefore, does not feel scrupulous of withholding some portion of his full and competent services, under a firm conviction, that, how long soever he may reduce the amount of his labour, it will still be far more than an equivalent for the remuneration which he is to receive. It is not the peasant, then, that is lazy, but his employer, that is oppressive; and the reason why the former always is supposed, when the latter ought to be the impression, is, because the characters of both are uniformly taken from the representations of those who think they have an interest in concealing the real state of the case, because they would otherwise become self-accusers. The advocates of the abolition of the slave trade constantly argued, that the indolence imputed to slaves was a consequence of their unhappy condition. If these very humane gentlemen had given themselves the trouble to examine, but superficially, into the state and circumstances of the Irish peasantry, who are accused of the same inertness, they would have found room for the exercise of their philanthropy, amongst a population, nominally free, but actually subjected to all the miseries of bondage. They would have perceived, that the imputed quality was but a consequence of the reaction of a reasoning principle against outrageous oppression, and they would have been encouraged to engage in the laudable work of redress, by the animating prospect of procuring comfort for so many millions of their fellow freemen and subjects. In truth and in fact, the condition of the slaves in the West Indies, except in the sentimental consciousness of freedom, is paradise, compared with the situation of the unfortunate peasantry of Ireland. For though debarred of the actual enjoyment of that first blessing of man in his civil state—liberty, they possess all the substantial comforts that can be procured from its exercise, in their sphere. Well clad, well fed, well lodged and amply provided with every necessary care and attendance, they, unhappy as a condition of slavery must be, are exempted from those anxieties and afflictions, which the vicissitudes of seasons and revolutions of property ordinarily bring upon their owners. Whatever may be the circumstances of the planter, his slaves, as a most valuable part of his property, must be properly attended to. The contrast between their situation and that of the peasants of Ireland, may be amply, though summarily, described, in the negative enumeration of negro comforts and accomodations. Badly, or rather scarcely, clad, ill fed, and worse lodged, dependant upon his own means alone for every necessary to restore health or sustain life, and exposed to all the hardships of a state of slavery, without any of the advantages of a state of freedom, the Irish peasant drags on a miserable existence, embittered by intolerable practical burthens, and incapable of alleviation by the communication of any political rights. What has been stated above renders it scarcely necessary to pursue this subject further; yet it will not be amiss to add another illustration of the amount of the sufferings of the mass of the people of Ireland. The population of that country is now ascertained to be about five millions. Protestant bigots will state it to be less, as catholic bigots will, perhaps, represent it greater; but, however it may suit the former to extenuate, or the latter to exaggerate the fact, for the purpose of decrying or enhancing the catholic claims, public documents and political calculation, prove the population of Ireland to exceed five millions of souls. Upon these grounds therefore I take its population at five millions: and, as in this inquiry we have

have nothing to do with ſects or factions, I ſhall, according to my former grand diſtinction, conſider that population as compoſed of two deſcriptions of perſons, the oppreſſors, and thoſe, that are oppreſſed. In the former are included all the land proprietors both abſentees and reſidents, and all the various denominations and claſſes of popular ſcourges, the middlemen; in the latter the whole maſs of the labouring poor; and I have reaſon to eſtimate the number of the former at one million, and that of the latter at four. Now, however, accident or good fortune, or unuſual means from rare ſucceſs, may enable ſome out of this vaſt number occaſionally to vary their regular courſe of diet the great ſtaple of their ſupport conſiſts of potatoes. The average conſumption of potatoes in a family of ſix perſons, amounts to twenty-ſtones in ſix days, or twelve hundred and twenty ſtones in the year. The average produce of an acre of land in culture for potatoes is eighty-two barrels of twenty ſtones each.

From theſe averages of produce and conſumption we ſhall find the conſumption of the whole four millions of people to be forty millions and ſix hundred thouſand barrels, and the quantity of land neceſſary to raiſe that produce to be about five hundred thouſand acres. It will, no doubt, be objected, that ſome portion of this deſcription of perſons conſume other kinds of food, and conſequently leſs of that, which is aſſumed, as the great ſtaple of their ſupport. But, though that fact be admitted, it can have no material effect upon the reſult juſt ſtated, nor upon that which is to follow.

The average rent paid for potatoes land by the labouring poor, is much under rated at ſix guineas per acre per annum, and the average rent of their cabins far exceeds two guineas per annum; whilſt the average charge for tythes is at leaſt fifteen ſhillings per acre. The reſult of theſe averages, which I challenge any man of Ireland to queſtion, is that four millions of the Iriſh nation raiſe a ſubſiſtence, ſuch as it is, and God knows how miſerable their fare is, for themſelves from five hundred thouſand acres of land, for which, and tythes, and the wretched hovels, they in general have to dwell in, they pay by their labour alone to their oppreſſ. for of all denominations, the enormous ſum of *five million two hundred and ninety thouſand pounds*, Iriſh currency, annually!!! Let the land proprietors and noblemen, who, in proſecuting their ſelfiſh objects, repreſent themſelves as the people of Ireland, reflect upon this ſtatement and invalidate any item of it if they can let them ſtate, if they dare, or ſhew, if they are able, that the clergy, who are by law entitled to one-tenth of the produce of the land, in demanding little more than one-tenth of the rent, exacted for that land, are to be conſidered as the oppreſſors of the people; let them aſk themſelves this tremendous queſtion, whether a population ſo oppreſſed can be wedded to their privations, or dread a change; and if, after this proceſs, they ſhall perſevere in bringing a caſe before parliament, let them take care to preſent themſelves in a character free of ſuſpicion, and with ſuch a repreſentation of the real grievances of their country, as may lead to a radical and complete inveſtigation of its actual ſituation, and terminate in ſuch meaſures, as the wiſdom of parliament may recommend for the comfort, tranquillity, and happineſs of the whole nation.

JEALOUSY.—M. D'Avitty, in his hiſtory of Syria, ſays, that "the chriſtians of that country are ſo jealous, that they will not permit their women to confeſs to prieſts; they confeſs to one another.

Notwithſtanding

Notwithſtanding the anticipated publicity of the charge of baron Smith to the grand jury of the co. Wexford at its late aſſizes, we ſhall not apologize for thus recording it thro' a medium more durable than that of a newspaper:—its policy—its benevolence, and the beautiful ſimplicity of its ſtyle, recommend it to the eſteem and admiration of every well-wiſher of his country; and under that impreſſion, do we with pleaſure give it a place in our publication for this month.

Charge of Baron Smith, to the Grand Jury of the County of Wexford.

THE grand jury having been ſworn, were addreſſed by his lordſhip in the following words;

Gentlemen of the grand jury—I have little to ſay to you; but perhaps that little is important. To me indeed it ſeems to be even vitally momentous; and I only wiſh it came from a ſource more authoritative than mine. I do not urge you to be vigilant in maintaining the public peace; in checking and reſiſting the earlieſt inroads of diſturbance. Your ſpirit and activity require no ſuch inſtigations. The precept is a ſhort one, which I would recommend to your candid, wiſe, and liberal attention. Recollect that you are truſtees for the population of your country; and be mercifully frugal in the management of the public purſe. It is principally replenished by the poor man's toil; and every ſhilling you expend may be a comfort torn from thoſe, whoſe comforts are already too ſcanty and too few. I hold a petition in my hand, which bears on it the ſtamp and character of truth. Its grammar may be incorrect, but its ſtatements are impreſſive. It contains that genuine language of penury and grievance which carries conviction to the reaſon, and ſympathy to the heart. I truſt I ſhould not ſtand in need of this memorial, towards inducing me to be the warm and willing advocate of the poor; and as far as my ſituation enables me, their protector. It is my beſt function as a judge: it is only not my firſt duty as a Chriſtian. Accordingly though this petition had never reached me, my charge to you would have been what it is at preſent: and I am proud to ſay, that the opinions I am now declaring, have the ſanction of entire concurrence on the part of my brother DAY.

Gentlemen, I cannot mean the ſlighteſt imputation upon you in obſerving, that throughout Ireland the county charges are become exceſſive, in a degree ſcarcely to be tolerated, and not to be deſcribed. We have drawn the cord too tight. It muſt be ſlackened; or, remember I tell you, it will break.

Look ſcrupulouſly to this—and let the ſum of your preſentments, at the cloſe of theſe aſſizes, be a proof that you have done me the honour of attending to my advice;—that you have done yourſelves the honour of attending to your country.

Let not the poor tenant, after paying almoſt the value of his ground in rent and tithe, endure ſuch ſubſequent deductions in the ſhape of tax, and county charge, that the ultimate remnant of his profits will ſcarcely more than purchaſe food.

I will ſuppoſe that through Ireland there is abſolutely no ſuch creature as a *Job*: that the acquieſcence of the indigent to theſe burthens, is never bought; nor any *indirect* abatement made in rents, by diſtributing amongſt the plundered a portion of the public ſpoil; and after indulging in theſe violent ſuppoſitions, I will aſk—in a moment and circumſtances ſuch as thoſe in which we ſtand—for which is it moſt deſirable that any given county in Ireland ſhould be remarked? For the content and opulence of its

its peaſantry—or the number and ſmoothneſs of its roads?

I told you I had little to ſay; and I have nearly ſaid it all. If the words were to be my laſt, I would repeat, I would inculcate, that on the upright, and I will call it liberal, parſimony of her grand juries, no ſmall portion of the tranquility of Ireland may depend.

The taſk of retrenchment, to which theſe obſervations lead, is an honourable taſk; and honourable men, like you, will be the more diſpoſed to enter on it with alacrity and zeal.

WEXFORD ASSIZES.

HON. BARON SMITH'S CHARGE.

The following is a correct copy of the excellent and ſupremely eloquent charge of the hon. baron Smith, in the caſe of W. Congreve Alcock, and Henry Derinzy, eſqrs. indicted at Wexford for the murder of John Colclough, eſq.

The priſoner at the bar, William Congreve Alcock, and Henry Derinzy, ſtand indicted for the wilful murder of the late John Colclough. Againſt the former of theſe priſoners, the evidence perhaps eſtabliſhes the charge to this extent; and if you ſhould believe the other to have aided and aſſiſted in the commiſſion of a homicide at which he certainly was preſent, he alſo, in contemplation of law, would be a capital offender. An endeavour has been made to faſten upon Alcock, a malice diſtinct from that, which the law implies from the act which he has done. The attempt, I think, has altogether failed. But though it had ſucceeded, it might ſtill have been a vain one. For to what purpoſe go into proof of what the law inters? Or how could any accumulation of criminality aggravate the homicide which has been committed, into more than murder? It would be inſinuated that mr. Colclough fell a victim to the general and deliberate malice of the priſoner. That this latter came upon the huſtings, determined to manage his election with piſtols in his hand, and to put down alſo oppoſition to his intereſts by the terror of perſonal reſponſibility, and an impending duel. But whatever may have been inſinuated, no ſuch miſchievous intentions or diſpoſitions have been proved. On the contrary, the fatal meeting in this caſe ſeems to have originated in unforeſeen and ſudden irritation; inſomuch that if the duel had followed upon this, more quickly than perhaps it did, it might be doubted whether the homicide in which it ended was more than a manſlaughter. That the tranſaction which irritated Alcock was caſual and unexpected, and even that it produced aſtoniſhment in him and his ſupporters, —is not only in evidence, but has been proved on the part of the proſecution.—Of animoſity or ill-will between the priſoner and the deceaſed, it is not enough to ſay that there is no proof. The very reverſe of malice has been ſhown; and on the day before the unfortunate cataſtrophe took place, they appear to have ſhaken hands in a familiar and cordial way. It has indeed been ſuggeſted, and I think ſhown, that Alcock ſelected the deceaſed as the perſon reſponſible for the grievance of which he complained. But was he ſo far wrong? I conceive not. He was culpable indeed in the kind of reſponſibility which he impoſed; but not in his choice of the perſon on whom to caſt it. If he had fought to make him anſwerable in another and a legal way, I ſhould not heſitate to ſay that mr. Colclough the candidate himſelf, was properly ſelected and applied to, in preference to any of his agents. Nay, if duels were to be,—what they ought not to be,—endured, and if every ſubor-

nate agent was to answer personally for the misconduct of his own department, whatever benefits might result from such a system, the sparing of human blood would not be amongst the number.—Mr. Colclough has also been represented as a martyr to a constitutional principle: —to the freedom of election, and right of every voter, however humble his situation, to exercise his franchise independently. and free; for example, from the coercive influence of his landlord. To this view of the case there is a preliminary objection. It might seduce you to the finding an unwarrantable verdict:—one founded on political, not legal grounds. You are not to convict the prisoners, because you think the elective franchise should be unshackled: nor to acquit them, because you hold it to be wholesome and expedient that the influence of landlords on their tenantry should extend itself to this controul.—But there is no pretence for the allegation that mr. Colclough was such a martyr as is described. Mr. Alcock had tolerated, without complaint, on this election, the opposition of tenants, whose landlords voted for him: and all he deprecated and resented, on the occasion which produced this most unhappy quarrel, all his supporter, mr. King, protested against upon the hustings was, a measure violating, not promoting the freedom of election; and which was as unconstitutional as it was ungentlemanly, clandestine and unfair. That such measures had been resorted to, was there not more than sufficient reason to suspect? Was it possible to resist the impression made on Alcock and his friends, by the conduct pursued in the booth by mr. M'Corde? No private conference with the tenants was required by mr. Roper; and if all was fair, why was he not allowed to read the letter? Why was all access to them effectually prevented? If no contrivance, more dexterous than candid, had been practised, why was the business conducted with a triumphant sneer? Mr. Roper's testimony perhaps will shew by whom the quarrel was produced; and we may by and by consider who prevented all accommodation. If an averseness from every thing like conciliation be evidence of malice, this averseness is to be found not amongst the friends of mr. Alcock; but amongst the friends of the deceased. The challenge unquestionably was given by the former, but it was not given absolutely. An alternative was offered, which mr. Colclough did not accept —I allude to that interview in the street, when, holding what may be called the title deed of his resentment in his hand, the prisoner stated his supposed grievance, and the redress which he required. At the time of this expostulation, he was under the warm influence of those impressions which the recent conduct of M'Corde had been calculated to produce. In this interview, he spoke the intemperate language of passion; that is to say, he uttered the indiscreet effusions at once of anger and of truth. Yet thus irritated, and incapable of all dissimulation, he left an inlet, and what he conceived to be a fair one, for accommodation. Mr. Colclough indeed denied, (and I am persuaded with perfect truth) all dishonourable and indirect proceedings upon his part. Mr. Alcock at once admitting the truth of the disclaimer,—however felt it to be only a denial of personal interference, and explained himself by fastening his charge upon the agents; and if my memory serves me, distinctly on M'Corde. Here we find an open. Did the deceased avail himself of it? Yet what was there to prevent his doing so? What at least was to prevent his taking a middle course? He might have offered to institute an enquiry into the conduct of his agents; and undertaken

that

that the polling of the diſputed tenants, or at all events his profiting by their ſupport, ſhould abide the reſult of this inveſtigation. Mr. Alcock's challenge of him was haſty. But haſte is not malice. If they be not incompatible, at leaſt they are diſtinct. If, however, in delivering the defiance, there was haſte upon the one ſide,—in forcing on the meeting, there was a deliberation on the other. Of the terms at firſt required, much was afterwards abated. Alcock offered to accept one vote from the tenants; and leave the other to his rival. Would this offer have been rejected—unleſs the ſuſpicions of tampering were well-founded, or a quarrel was defired? The anſwer to this offer was a flat refuſal; and it was added that mr. Colclough's carriage was in waiting; and they muſt go out. This offer was made by mr. Alcock's ſecond; (I give the gentleman his illegal title;) who with a laudable perſeverance in advocating peace, called three times in the hope of procuring an interview with mr. Colclough. Once he called alone; a ſecond time in company with lord Valentia; and, after his lordſhip's attempt at reconciliation had proved ineffectual, not yet diſcouraged, he for the third time called alone.—If lord Valentia's meſſage was from the committee, it was however fully and expreſſly ſanctioned by mr. Alcock: his acquieſcence was required by lord Valentia, as a *ſine qua non* to his undertaking the communication; and this acquieſcence was teſtified by the attendance of the ſecond.—Again, if this meſſage contained a mere propoſal of poſtponement, yet this might, and probably would have led to accommodation; and in the mean time what punctilio could ſtand in the way of aſſenting to it?—Laſtly, if mr. Colclough's friends did not wiſh to treat with the committee,—or for a mere poſtponement,—the viſits and propoſitions of mr. Perceval ſeemed calculated to meet both objections. He came not from the committee, but from mr. Alcock;—not to adjourn the duel, but to reconcile the parties.—He wiſhed to ſee mr. Colclough;—but all admittance was refuſed. He was as inacceſſible, as the tenants of mrs. Cholmondely had been before.—Mr. Perceval thought, if he could ſee him, that matters might be ſettled. I am of the ſame opinion. I believe if mr. Colclough had been ſeen, he might be ſtill alive. But the only anſwer returned to theſe pacific overtures, was a formal denunciation of 'unpleaſant conſequences,' if the meeting did not take place in half an hour.

There is perhaps a ſenſe in which it may be ſaid that the piſtol, by means of which mr. Colclough fell, was not put into the hands of mr. Alcock by mr. Perceval or mr. King, but by one who profeſſed a friendſhip for him whom it deprived of life.—There was indeed a friend of the deceaſed who appears to have recollected the duties both of his friendſhip and his cloth. In his communication, though an angry one, with him, the priſoner does not ſeem to have been averſe from accommodation. I am unwilling to reflect upon the conduct of a gentleman to whom an opportunity is not afforded of vindicating himſelf. But I cannot avoid expreſſing my regret, that in the interview to which I allude, *Colonel Pigott* did not ſecond the conciliatory views of mr. *Dudley Colclough* more than he appears to have done.—But malice is alſo fought to be imputed to the priſoner, from certain circumſtances which occurred upon the ground. The proſecutor's objection is not ſo much to the murder as to the way in which it was committed. The priſoner wore ſpectacles; and mr. Colclough would have a better chance for life, if his antagoniſt had not been ſo aſſiſted. It is probable he would: and this chance would have

been ſtill better if accommodating him ſtill farther, mr. Alcock had fought him blind-folded. But can no meeting be what duelliſts would call fair, unleſs one of the combatants wears a bandage over his eyes?—Somewhat ſimilarly ſituated is a near-ſighted man without his glaſſes. The priſoner is ſhort-ſighted. Perhaps his declarations on the ground, being part of the *res geſta*, are evidence of this. But it is the leſs neceſſary to enquire whether they be ſo, becauſe, already the fact is very fully proved; and he appears, at the meeting, to have worn the ordinary ſpectacles of a near-ſighted man—ſpectacles which he had before been accuſtomed to make uſe of; and had not provided for this particular occaſion. What a combination of the powers of different glaſſes may effect, is beſide the queſtion. But it ſeems ſufficiently plain, that no ſingle lens can, at moſt, do more than ſupply a defect of viſion; and put him who labours under it on a footing with the man of perfect ſight. If a man of naturally good eyes had a right to fight a duel, I ſhould ſay that one of artificially good eyes muſt have the ſame. But the deceaſed alſo laboured under a defect of viſion. This might be a reaſon for his uſing glaſſes; but could be none for his antagoniſt's conſenting to do without them. All this latter could be ſuppoſed to know was, that he himſelf without ſpectacles could not ſee. But he was not bound to be ſo accurately acquainted with his adverſary's infirmity as to know that if both fought with the naked eye, they would be two blind men, and conſequently on a par. If they were not ſo, it was through the omiſſion of mr. Colclough's friends that it was otherwiſe; and the priſoner ought not to ſuffer for their default. But if the circumſtance of the ſpectacles were in fact entitled to the ſtreſs which is laid upon it, would mr. Henry Colclough have ſuffered the duel to proceed? Would he have confined himſelf to the mere threat of an indictment? Would he have even conſented to give a ſignal, which in that caſe muſt have been for the aſſaſſination of his friend? If glaſſes could not be provided for mr. Colclough on the ſpot,—why did not his ſecond require an adjournment of the meeting, until they could be procured? Can we doubt that this requiſition would have been complied with? But mr. Colclough had not been accuſtomed to wear ſpectacles; and mr. Alcock had. And what is the natural inference from this? That he who did not uſe them did not want them; and that he who did, ſtood in need of their aſſiſtance. The change of dreſs is as immaterial as the glaſſes. This muſt have been either caſual, or reſorted to merely as a defenſive meaſure. It was adopted on that ſide on which ten paces were made choice of as a ſafer interval than twelve; and on which it was requeſted that the ſignals ſhould be given rapidly, with a like view to preventing miſchief. As to the interference of Derinzy, however culpable in law, it does not appear to have been either ſanguinary or officious; except in a good and unuſual acceptation of this latter word. Not meddling, becauſe he was ſelected as a friend of the other priſoner; and not bloody, becauſe the tendency of what he did, was not to endanger mr. Colclough; but only to diminiſh the chance of mr. Alcock's being hit.

Gentlemen,—I have been compelled to enter in details, and to adopt expreſſions which may indirectly ſeem to give, what I would, on the contrary, moſt ſcrupulouſly withhold, any thing like ſanction or approbation of theſe dangerous and illegal meetings. They are not to be juſtified under any ordinances, either human or divine; and I proteſt againſt being for a moment ſuppoſed to give them countenance, from any lan-

guage

guage into which the peculiarity of the evidence may have betrayed me. Very peculiar indeed—that evidence has been in the courſe of which we have ſeen the phenomenon of two capital offenders, appearing, not at the bar, but on the table; not to take their trial—but to give their teſtimony unmoleſted—under the eye of the proſecutors; and on a bill of indictment for the very offence in which they have had a ſhare. Two indeed there are, both of whom, ſince perſons thus circumſtanced are produced as witneſſes, we might have expected to come forward. I mean mr. M'Corde, and mr. Henry Colclough. The abſence of the latter is not ſatisfactorily accounted for; and that of the former is not accounted for at all. All we know is, that they might have thrown ſome light on this tranſaction; and that the priſoners were entitled to have this light thrown on it. In any obſcurity in which their abſence may have left it, they have, on the ſame principle, a right to whatever preſumptions you can form in their behalf.

[*With theſe obſervations, the learned judge accompanied his ſtatement of the evidence; after which he cloſed his book; and after pauſing for a moment, proceeded to addreſs the Jury in the following words:*]

Having thus recapitulated the evidence, as it appears upon my notes, it remains for me, in addition to the remarks which I have already made, to addreſs to you, gentlemen, ſuch few general obſervations, as a caſe ſo ſimple in its nature and circumſtances will admit of: for ſimple in its nature and circumſtances this caſe is; although you cannot fail to have obſerved not merely the reality, but if I may ſo expreſs it, the parade of intereſt and ſenſation, with which it has been thought expedient to mark the preſent trial.—Between us, however, and this intereſt,—between us and this ſenſation, there is, and ought to be, an impaſſable abyſs. Law, juſtice, impartiality, are to be our guides; with prejudice and paſſion we have nothing to do—but to ſubdue them. One only feeling is permitted to enter into our deliberations, and to influence our deciſions; I do not mean a feeling of party rancour or revenge; but that mild ſentiment of mercy, which ſoftens and pervades our law. In the country in which our circuit commiſſion was firſt opened, very ſerious diſturbances, and even tumults had prevailed; and it became neceſſary that the law ſhould put forth its terrors, for the reſtoration of the public peace. Yet there, juſtice was not ſtimulated; perhaps, I might even doubt whether it was properly aſſiſted.—Some diſturbers however were tried, found guilty, and ſuffered death. But though theſe were not only ſalutary, but neceſſary examples; their trials, convictions, or executions ſeemed to excite no conſiderable portion of public intereſt or attention.

How different is the caſe of the charge which we are now trying!—Yet ſtrip it of the trappings and aggravations, with which I know not whether party zeal, or a more juſtifiable motive has ſought to clothe it; and what does it amount to? To a tranſgreſſion, with which we muſt on the one hand confeſs ourſelves to be almoſt as familiar, as we muſt on the other hand admit it to be highly culpable and illegal. Two perſons, diſclaiming and violating the municipal law, prefer paying obedience to a falſe and miſtaken code of honour; and one of theſe diſclaimers falls, in a premeditated duel, forbidden by the law of the land; but which the erroneous ſyſtem of punctillo, to which I have adverted, enjoins in ſome inſtances, and permits in many more. No ſooner has this melancholy cataſtrophe taken place, than the friends of the deceaſed commence a vigorous proſecution againſt the

cauſes

cauſer of his death. But ſome of theſe proſecutors we may preſume—we even know—to have themſelves been preſent, aiding and aſſiſting, at the perpetration of what they now repreſent to have been a murder: and in ſtrictneſs of law, their repreſentation is a juſt one.—Some of theſe proſecutors we may conceive to have at one time been deſirous that their champion ſhould inflict the death which he has ſuffered; ſhould do the very act, for which they now prefer a capital indictment. If abjuring the code of honour, and adhering to the rules of that, which we are here aſſembled to adminiſter, the priſoners or the deceaſed had declined to accept a meſſage, or been tardy in ſending one, we may doubt whether theſe ſtrenuous aſſertors of law would not ſcorn to aſſociate with ſuch ſtrict obſervers of it; and reward their pacific conduct with indelible diſgrace. Thus, on the object of their blame, a hard alternative might be thrown; —of being poſted as a coward, or indicted for a murder. But when a man of amiable qualities and eſtimable conduct, as I believe and almoſt know, mr. Colclough to have been, —a public man,—their friend and favourite,—has fallen,—his mourning adherents may think themſelves entitled to have blood for blood; and to make the law an engine of private reſentment, or political revenge. In ſhort, in ſeeming to demand juſtice, they may be only looking for retaliation. Be this however as it may, my duty remains the ſame: my duty is to ſtate mercifully what I conceive to be the law. Homicide, committed ſuddenly, on ſufficient provocation, in the heat of blood, or enſuing on an unpremeditated quarrel, is manſlaughter. But of this ſpecies of offence there appears to be no evidence in the preſent caſe; under any view which you would be likely, or perhaps warranted, to take of it. But if homicide enſue on a deliberate duel, between parties meeting with deadly weapons, by appointment,—ſuch homicide will be murder; and expoſe the ſlayer to the heavieſt penalties of the law. An attempt has been made to diſtinguiſh the preſent from an ordinary duel caſe. But I will not wound the feelings of the priſoner at the bar, nor inſult your underſtanding, by dwelling longer on this topic than while I ſay, that the attempt appears to me to have been utterly unſucceſsful; and the proſecutors to have more than failed to prove the priſoner an aſſaſſin. If indeed they had ſucceeded, his crime would have peculiarly called for the vengeance of the law; and in adminiſtering its rigours, you would not feel the leaſt compunction. But, however fair the duel, the homicide enſuing on it is a murder. I feel ſome natural reluctance in ſtating this to be the law; and you may feel uneaſineſs at being reminded that it is ſo. However much and juſtly ſuch combats are to be blamed, you may more abhor the ſanguinary notions which produce them; and pity the victims of a law which you ſtrongly wiſh to be repealed. You may have ſons, you muſt have friends and relatives yourſelves; and will be diſpoſed to aſk this queſtion of your conſciences and hearts, whether the pride and infirmity of human nature might not lead you to wiſh that theſe ſhould rather violate the law, than endure the ſcorn and contumely of (Heaven knows!) an unſparing world; or incur the ſlighteſt ſtain or blemiſh on their honour. You will wiſh to give the priſoner the benefit of theſe reflections: but whether you would be warranted to do ſo, is what I ſcarcely dare inquire; otherwiſe than in ſuggeſting caſes, which I conceive to be ſimilar in their legal nature, for the purpoſe of illuſtrating and explaining your duties here.—If an officer, at the head of his regiment be called a coward, and a ſcoundrel, and inſtead of cutting the offender down,

down, challenge and kill him in a duel, he is a murderer by law; and if you are bound to find the prisoner Alcock guilty, you would be equally obliged to return a verdict of conviction against a gallant officer, under the circumstances which I have described. Yet on the other hand, the military punishment and intolerable disgrace, which must inevitably follow from submitting to the affront, it cannot be necessary for me to dwell upon. If an aged and infirm, a beloved and respected parent be insulted and reviled, or even struck and beaten in the presence of his son, and this latter happen to kill the aggressor, in a regularly appointed duel, the transaction will be murder;—and if you cannot acquit the prisoner, you could not acquit the child. If a husband finds his wife in the embraces of another, and kill him, unarmed and unresisting, on the spot, this is manslaughter of the lowest and most venial kind. But if, giving the adulterer farther time for preparation, and a fairer chance for life, he puts arms in his hands, and meets and kills him in a duel, the offence altering its character, becomes at once a murder; and if you are bound to convict the prisoner here, you would be also bound to a conviction in the case which I have supposed. Not because in morals the criminality is equal; but because both offences are murder in the eye of the law. But let me ask of your consciences and your hearts as men, would you convict the officer, the husband, or the son? I have hitherto confined my observations to the case of Alcock. That of the prisoner Derinzy is somewhat different in its nature. But I have already observed that his interference does not seem to have been either bloody or obtrusive. At all events he cannot have assisted in the commission of a murder which was not committed; and an acquittal of the first principal would therefore exculpate him. I will not repeat, lest I might seem to inculcate the austere doctrine of the law; in once stating it, I conceive that I have sufficiently discharged my duty. Nay, even sitting where I do, I think myself warranted in doubting whether this doctrine be not a sort of anomaly in our code:—existing in theory;—almost abrogated in practice;—by the astuteness of judges,—the humanity of jurors.—the mercy of the crown: ill-assorted to the manners and habits of these times, it seems indeed to have survived its day; and in the shifting of the social scene, to have been inadvertently behind.

This, gentlemen of the jury, was all I had to say. The evidence is before you, if you believe it, you have heard its legal results from the bench. You have the law of the land, bearing witness against the prisoners, on the one hand; the law of opinion on the other, endeavouring to excuse them: the one prescribing rigour, the other suggesting mercy. It is for you to pronounce which call you will obey. The trammels of my office forbid me adding more:—But there is another, a far better voice than mine, to which, though I be silent, you may listen still—I mean that still small voice of which we read in scripture, and which addresses itself to the consciences of good and pious men, in the soft and soothing accents of clemency and peace. Its dictates may be followed with a confidence the most implicit. It is the voice of him who cannot err; who cannot lead his creatures into error; who to justice without blemish, unites mercy without bounds, who, all criminal as we are, can yet acquit us, and be just.—To the influence of these secret and divine monitions,—and (as far as infirmity can follow,) of this divine example, I surrender you; and commit the case of the prisoners at the bar. I wait with some anxiety and much impatience for your verdict: judge whether I am impatient for a capital conviction.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

Beautiful Sonnet, by the Hon. Mrs. St. George.

FORGET me not when mirth and joy invite,
Whilst sorrow feeds upon the faithful heart,
Forget me not when pleasure takes her flight
And all th' illusions in her train depart;
Nor fail to hear when newer friends are nigh,
And flatt'ry breathes the love-resembling sigh,
As softly spoken by this serious eye,
'Forget me not.'

Forget me not e'en now when fate severe,
To a far distant clime commands thy flight,
When for whole months—nay, an eternal year,
In vain my eye shall seek, my voice invite;
Still let remembrance shed a ray divine,
And o'er the long, long night of absence shine,
Whilst my devoted heart repeats to thine,
'Forget me not.'

Forget me not when e'en the grass-grown clay,
Covers a heart that fondly beat for thee;
Ah! think in yonder blaze of heav'nly day,
My spirit from these earthly shackles free;
Shall burn with love more tender and refined,
Soothe all thy pensive hours to grief resign'd,
And in soft accents whisper to thy mind,
'Forget me not.'

Horace Lib. 2nd. Ode 10th. To Licinius Murirea.

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum, &c.

MY friend Licinius, be advis'd by me,
To sail not always in the deepest sea,
In a safe middle course still wisely steer,
Most free from peril, free from anxious fear;
Nor when dread storms around you furious roar,
In fear press too much on the dang'rous shore.
If in this safest course of life you run,
You'll live most happy, many dangers shun;
The happy ones who love the golden mean,
From ev'ry undue wish their minds restrain;
Free from the meanness of a squallid cell,
Beneath a decent roof they happy dwell.
Aware that some are vex'd at other's bliss,
They wisely each obnoxious wish repress;
The lofty pine the winds most agitate,
The bramble is secure in not being great;
And stately towers fall to greater wreck,
And thunders most the mountain's top attack.
The man prepar'd for each design of fate,
Will suit his mind still to his present state;
When he by adverse fortune lies oppress'd,
The hopes of brighter scenes solace his breast,
Success and happ'ness when they are his share,
Excite a greatful joy with pious fear.
The same great pow'r which brings cold winter on,
Takes it away and warms with summer's sun;
If now deject'd we of our state complain,
Our state not always will remain the same,
Sometimes Apollo strikes the muse's lyre,
Lights up again the bard's poetic fire.
The God not always bends his bow to kill;
But oft exerts his potent power to heal;
If poor—content'd, gay, and unappall'd behave,
And shew that if not rich, at least your brave;
And when your bark's impell'd by prosperous gales,
With prudence furl your too inflated sails.

Armagh, March 17, 1808.

Retrospection—a Sonnet to the beautiful air 'Lightly tread 'tis hallow'd ground.'

BACK to happy days tho' few,
Turns the soul that oft has bled,
Still in memory to renew
Shades of joys for ever dead;
Fondly turns the thoughtful soul,
Eager counts each time 'twas blest,
Dropping tears that silent roll,
Sighing from the troubled breast.

Pleasures that to love belong,
Friendship's warm and liberal beam,
Converse sweet, the laugh, the song,
Distant on the fancy gleam:
Thus at evening's solemn close,
Streaks of feeble light are spread;
Pensive still we gaze at those,
Tho' the Sun himself is fled.

J. M. G

The Triumph of Beauty. Addressed to Miss M. P. Written by Miss M. S. a young Lady of Eleven Years of Age.

ONE day in heav'nly synod meeting,
The daughter and the wife of Jove;
With treach'rous smiles, her rival greeting,

Where female charms are brighter ſeen,
How few obſcure—how few adore.

No more we ſee a valarous knight,
Traverſe the world with ſpear and lance;
In virtue's cauſe, or beauty's right,
Richly repaid by beauty's glance.

Ah no! thoſe glorious days are paſt,
Beauty excites faint admiration;
Inſenſibility at laſt,
Has conquer'd even your favourite nation.

Stay thy raſh cenſure, Venus cried,
Condemn my power not ſo faſt:
I own few altars feed my pride,
The days of chivalry are paſt.

From thee I longer had conceal'd
A plan, my power to revive;
But now the means ſhall ſtand reveal'd,
My buding reign to keep alive.

I'm ſure to think I might complain,
To my kind father, mighty Jove:
Ah no! ſuch means I ſhould diſdain,
Far different is the plan of love.

A model of myſelf is born.
You ſtart, yet goddeſs, it is true;
On earth exiſts this heav'nly form,
Which equals me—ſurpaſſes you.

In her my charms mankind will ſee,
In her again, I ſhall exiſt:
And in this model form'd from me
No mortal can my power reſiſt.

Nor will ſhe ſhine alone in grace,
Jove ſmil'd conſpicuous on her birth:
And added to her lovely face,
Her mother's wit—her father's worth.

May no rude ſtorms this flower invade,
No ill my lowly violet harm;
May ev'ry bowenbend her ſhade,
Each ſunny ray her beauties warm.

Contend no more for beauty's worth,
To Margaret my power is giv'n:
She ſhines the loveliest fair on earth;
And I, the brighteſt ſtar in Heav'n.

---

* *Inſcription on a Plate of Braſs fixed on a Walnut Tree, in the Lawn of Derryloran, County of Tyrone.*

HUJUSCE ſubtèr regmine Juglandis,
Omnibus officiis fortitèr exactis,
Immaturè, tamen, quieſcit

N O T E.

* For the gratification of our claſſical correſpondents, we inſert the following La-

* Pertinax;
Proſcripti canini generis,
Cum præſtantiſſimâ formâ,
Tum ingenio acutiſſimo;
Quàm fortitudine,
Tàm comitate;
Et decus, et princeps,
Necnon,
Hujuſce agelli, evicinæque domûs;
Fidelis, prvigil, et dilectus
Cuſtos.
Quos non pudor, nec leges,
Non Patibulum, nec orcus;
Denique, non ipſe Cerberus
Exterruere;
Latratus exterruit ejus,
Aſpectus perculit, exanimavit,
Arcuit.
Vitam tàm utilem agentem,
Amarum malis; bonis charum;
Minas æquè ac offas ſpernentem;
Sol invenit; reliquit Luna;
Mors arripuit!
Dum
Dominus ejus gratus lugeat,
Quà pro tali ſocio lugere licet;
Nocturnus chorus omnis,
Prædonûm Prædatorum, Latronûmque;
Fur, et Furciſer,
Genus omne profanum;
Gaudeat,
Cantu, ſaltu, et multiſono ſtrepitu;
Inimicus, enim, acer Latrocinii;
Imò etiam hoſtis Latronum omnium,
Pertinax,
Latrare deſinit!
Quem extimuiſtis, horruiſtis, et fugiſtis,
Cinis eſt!

Anno { 1798 { oculos } aperuit, prid. Id. Jun.
1806 { oculos } recondidit XII. Kal. Jan.

WESTMONASTERIENSIS

To a Moſs-Roſe.

Hinc Angina Pectoris.

GO Roſe, e'er dreary winter's blights,
Attaint your fine vermillion glow;
To her in whom my ſoul delights,
Sweet Roſe in all your fragrance—go!
And to the blooming maid impart,
While her fair boſom you adorn,
How in my fond and faithful heart,
Sweet playful roſe, you left your thorn.

WESTMONASTERIENSIS.

N O T E.

LONDON, *March* 29.

The skill and gallantry of captain Prowse of the Sirius, in preserving the convoy entrusted to his care, were eminently conspicuous: he first contrived to lead the enemy's frigates away from the fleet, and when they separated, and the sternmost tacked and stood after the merchantmen, he immediately bore down on the other, as if determined to engage, upon which the enemy immediately recalled her consort. This manœuvre he repeated more than once; nor did he make sail until he perceived the convoy to be in security. At first the enemy's frigates outsailed him; but by throwing two of his anchors overboard and carrying his guns aft, he found he had the advantage. Such was the countenance he shewed, and such the intrepidity of his conduct, that the enemy never dared to encounter him singly. This will appear the more singular and extraordinary, when it is known that the Sirius is a vessel of the smallest size, mounting only twenty eight guns, and the enemy's heavy frigates carrying forty-eight and fifty guns. It is with sincere pleasure we inform our readers that the Lords of the Admiralty have written a letter to Captain Prowse, expressing their high satisfaction at his able and gallant proceedings, by which a valuable convoy has been saved to his country. It is by liberal and judicious encouragement like this, that heroes are raised up for the British navy! It should be added, that the only vessel taken was a small brig, which got entangled with the land.

31. Private letters from Holland, of a late a date as Monday last, were received in town this day. They repeat the report of an engagement in the Mediterranean, between the British and the combined French and Spanish squadrons, in which, it is said, the enemy lost 9 sail of the line, and Sir Richard Strachan was killed. The enemy's force consisted of 12 sail of the line, besides frigates, &c. It is still extraordinary that such intelligence should be received first here from Holland. A vessel from the Mediterranean must be, owing to the prevalence of the easterly winds, a long time bearing up channel.

This paragraph was read last night, by Mr. Braham, during the performance of the Oratorio, at Covent Garden Theatre—It was hailed with enthusiasm. It also excited a great sensation in the city. Of the correctness of the statement there is no boubt. Monday was the 28th.—The same report is mentioned in letters of the 26th and 27th, and also in letters from Holland, received at the Admiralty.

APRIL 1. No further intelligence has yet been received relative to the rumoured victory in the Mediterranean. In some letters from Holland, the engagement is said to be mentioned in a manner as if the writers supposed we had been fully in possession of the details. We see no reason to depart from the opinion we expressed yesterday, that a battle had been fought, and of course a victory gained. It is to be remarked, that all the rumours upon the subject agree that a British Admiral fell in the action. The first rumour mentioned Sir Sidney Smith, the last Sir Richard Strachan. We trust that this part of the rumour will prove false.

3. Though we are still unable to communicate to our readers an official confirmation of the reports of a Naval victory in the Mediterranean, yet accounts have been received that tend to corroborate the intelligence which had previously reached us upon that subject. A letter, we understand, was yesterday received by a gentleman of eminence in the city, from his brother, who is on board the Lavinia frigate, captain Handcock, which states, that Sir Rd. Strachan having received intelligence that the enemy's squadron was in Palmas Bay, immediately sailed thither, and, notwithstanding the superiority of their force, they having twelve sail of the line and he only eight, immediately attacked them. A most des-

perate

perate action ensued, which lasted for a very considerable time, at length the superior skill and courage of the British prevailed, and the enemy were completely defeated, six of their line of battle ships taken, three sunk, and the remainder escaped.—This however, it is added, was not purchased without very considerable loss on our side. Two of our vessels, it is said, sunk soon after the action, and, what we should regret infinitely more, the gallant Admiral himself and two captains are stated to have been killed. This letter, we understand, came through Holland; but we confess it appears to us a little strange that in the present state of the continent a letter should come safe from the shores of the Mediterranean, through France and Holland, to London. There were other circumstances which gave rise to doubts in our minds. The numbers of the opposite squadron did not agree with the accounts which had previously reached us. The enemy's squadron in Palmas Bay is stated to amount to 12 sail of the line—the Carthagena squadron we know was not near so numerous—but if a junction had taken place between the Carthagena and the Rochfort squadrons, their united force would be about that number. Sir R Strachan's squadron too is stated at eight ships of the line, whereas we always understood he had but seven with him. It is, however, possible that he might have been joined by another line of battle ship, and if we are not misinformed, there was a great chance of his falling in with the Windsor Castle, which would have increased his squadron to the number mentioned in the letter. The Lavinia is one of the frigates attached to Sir R. Strachan's squadron.

We have thus stated to our readers all the facts that have come to our knowledge, and the observations that occurred to us. No intelligence has reached the Admiralty, nor are government, we believe in possession of any other information upon the subject than that which is already before the Public. We should be sorry to raise expectations which may ultimately prove to be unfounded, but we think there are strong reasons for believing that an action has taken place in the Mediterranean, and that the British squadron has been victorious. We can by no means agree with one of our cotemporaries who seems to ground his doubts of the truth of this report upon the improbability of Sir Richard Strachan attacking a superior squadron in a bay. It cannot surely be forgotten that Lord Nelson attacked a superior French squadron in the Bay of Aboukir, where they were protected by very formidable batteries, and where the access was so difficult, on account of the shoals, that the Culloden, in leading in, got aground, and could not take any share in the action, whereas Palmas Bay is perfectly open. That Sir Richard would attack them in the situation described we have no doubt, nor should we entertain any apprehensions as to the result

Sir Samuel Hood sailed from the Downs for the Baltic yesterday, in the Centeaur—the other ships going upon the same destination, only wait for pilots. The force in the Downs is increasing daily; two more seventy-fours and a sixty-four arrived there on Tuesday. The Triumph and Implacable passed Portsmouth yesterday—they are all destined for the Baltic.

A Dover pilot, who was driven some time since into Sweden, in a gale of wind, and from his long absence was supposed to have been lost, returned home on Wednesday night, having come to England in the last Gottenburgh packet. He reports, that the anxiety of the people of Sweden is uncommonly great for the arrival of the promised assistance from this country, particularly our ships of war. That the greatest harmony prevails between the King and his subjects, and that they seem ready to make every sacrifice in

his defence, as long as there appears any probability of success.

Extract of a letter from Captain Jones, of the Betsey, one of the Sirias's convoy from Gibraltar, arrived at Castlehaven, dated March 24:—"On the 17th instant a signal was made for the fleet to make the best of their way, and take care of themselves, when I shaped my course for Mizen-head; in the evening saw the enemy up with the sternmost vessels, and I think, from the state of the weather, not more than four or five of the fleet were taken by them."

5. The King has received an elegant musket, and Mr. Secretary Canning a superb snuff-box, from his Swedish Majesty, as presents on the occasion of the late treaty.

Mr. L. an eminent stock-broker, put an end to his life on Monday last, by shooting himself with a pistol. He rode to town that morning from his villa in the country, about 14 miles distant. When he reached his house in Cornhill, he read a letter, put into his hands by his servant which seemed to affect him much. Shortly afterwards he complained of fatigue and indisposition, and said he would retire to his bedroom. He did so, and was found there, in the course of the day, dead, with the pistol lying by him. It was supposed that the pistol was fired about eleven o'clock, but no report was heard by the servants. Mr. L. it appears, was under considerable embarrassments, which were unknown even to his partner or family, but which had occasioned a depression of spirits that led to the unhappy catastrophe. Mr. L. has been in the habit of giving expensive entertainments to the nobility in the country. He left behind him a letter, the tendency of which was to exculpate Mr. C. his partner, from any blame which might be imputed to him.

On Tuesday morning a Coroner's inquest was held on the body of Mr. L. The servants were examined to the fact. His depressed state of mind for some time past, was deposed to; and the Jury gave in their verdict, *Insanity*—Mr. L. had given a letter to his coachman, in the morning, to be delivered to Mrs. L.; he left one behind him for Mr. C. and another for his nepew, who was on the eve of becoming a partner in the house.

THE CHILDERS SLOOP OF WAR.

On Thursday last came into Leith harbour, to be repaired, his Majesty's sloop Childers, after an engagement with a Danish brig of war of very superior force. We are happy to lay before the public a copy of Captain Dillon's statement to the Admiralty, who have signified their high approbation of his conduct, as well as that of all his officers and crew, by official letters, and conferred on him the rank of Post Captain.

SIR, Leith, 18th March, 1808.

I have the honour to acquaint you, that on the 14th inst. at four *p. m.* when standing in for the coast of Norway, a sail was discovered in shore, and, on seeing us, appeared to be seeking a port for safety. We instantly gave chace, with a fresh breeze from the eastward. As we neared her, she was hauled amongst the rocks out of our sight, to take shelter in the small port of *Midle*. Immediately a number of boats came out to her assistance, I suppose with the intention of removing her cargo. I dispatched Mr. Wilson, acting master, accompanied by Mr. Knight, mate, with the cutter well armed to bring her out; the jolly boat was also sent with M'Nicholl, gunner, and Mr. Le Neve, purser, who volunteered his services. This duty was performed by Mr. Wilson, with the utmost gallantry; for, when mixing with the boats, they were dispersed in all directions, leaving him at liberty to board the vessel, in doing which he was opposed by the inhabitants with musketry, whilst others hurled down stones upon our men from the top of the precipice, under which she lay secured;

cured; however, she was carried without any loss, to the astonishment of an increasing multitude, who crowded together on the surrounding heights. She is a galliot (name unknown), her crew having deserted) with only part of her cargo, consisting principally of oil and fish.

Scarcely had the galliot hove in from under the rocks, when a large brig was observed coming out of Hitteroe. He bore down on us with confidence, indicating a vessel of force, and apparently with the design of rescuing the prize. A bout six, he got on our weather-beam, and judging him to be within the reach of our guns, I sent a challenge, by firing a shot over him.—He hauled his wind close, and kept in shore.—Finding he would not join us, I made sail for the purpose of bringing him to action, which soon commenced at half gun shot range, distant from tee shore about half a mile, passing each other on different tacks. When he received our first broadside, he caught fire forward, and had we been closer at the moment, to profit of his confusion, I have no doubt of the result. He kept so near the land, that he was held from our view, so that we could only be guided in our fire by the flash of his pans, and were also from this circumstance, prevented weathering him. We continued engageing him in this manner for three hours, but found he had a decided advantage over us. The Dane was a man of war, appointed in every respect, carrying long eighteen pounders, and seemingly had taken fresh courage after a few of our broadsides, as if aware of our inferiority to him in weight of metal, the Childers bearing only twelve pounder carronades; latterly his guns were so well directed, that every shot did us mischief, particularly between wind and water Observing, nothing could be done whilst he kept so near his own port, from whence he might draw fresh supplies of men. I conceived the plan of enticeing him out to sea where the contest would be more equal, by giving us an opportunity of forcing him to close action, which he had hitherto so repeatedly avoided. In order to effect this, I stood out under easy sail. It was some time before he relished the idea of following us; but in the end he did so. At eleven, he was about three miles off the land. I set the courses and tacks, intending to weather him. As we approached, the wind unfortunately headed us, and soiled our attempt. I therefore passed under his lee, as close as it could be done, without touching, and poured round and grape upon his decks, which I imagine did the Dane much damage, for we distinctly heard the groans of the wounded; his guns also did us very material injury, most of his shot taking us between wind and water; and when on the point of renewing the battle, it proved impossible. In the mean time the enemy tacked, and made sail to regain the shore, and we shortly after lost sight of him. I was mortified that our situation would not admit us of our pursuing the enemy. We had five feet water in the hold, the magazine afloat, the lower masts wounded bowsprit and main-mast badly, and the pumps increasing on us in such a way, as to make it doubtfull whether we should be able to prevent our vessel sinking under us. In this position we bore up to secure our prize, with the only satisfaction of having drove a man of war, of much superior force, off the field of action, which we kept during the space of six hours, in the very entrance of his own harbour.

I herefore trust, that when the above particulars are seen in their proper light, it will be found that although not successful in capturing the enemy, the Childers has supported the glory of the navy, and the honour of the British flag. I am happy to have the opportunity of testifying the spirited conduct of my First Lieutenant, Mr. Edmonds, as well as the other officers, and crew, who on this occasion behaved

behaved with that determined courage which at all times distinguishes the conduct of English seamen. Mr. Drammond and Mr. Gormon pilots, deserve much praise, for the able manner in which they conducted us among the rocks. The acting carpenter, Mr. Mason, has rendered himself worthy of his appointment, by his ability in stopping the shot-holes. Not being able to keep at sea, from the nature of our leaks and wounded masts, I could not put into execution the remaining part of your orders; have in consequence judged, it proper to return to this anchorage with my prize. I am, &c.

"W. H. DILLON."

Rear Admiral Vashon, &c.

P. S. We could not ascertain the number of guns on board the Dane, but having measured his length, in which he certainly had the advantage of us, we are all of opinin, that he had, at least, five ports on a side; the shot on board us weihghed 20 pounds. Enclosed is a list of the killed and wounded, as well as an account of the damage we sustained during the action:—

KILLED—Mr. Roberts, Captain's Clerk, shot through the body; Wm. Jones, Boatswain's Mate, through the belly, the left leg and arm off.

WOUNDED—Captain Dillon, badly wounded in both legs, his arm and shoulder much contused; Mr. Batters, Midshipman, slightly on the thigh and hand, by a splinter; Mr. Corporal Allander, of the marines, slightly on the head; John Holding, Seaman, badly on the hand, lost one finger; Dennis Burk, Seaman, badly on the face and head; John Constable, Private Marine, slightly on the forehead; John George Marshall, boy, slightly, on the thigh.

Extract of a letter from Captain George Bell, Commanding his Majesty's sloop Victor, to Rear Admiral Sir Edw. Pellew, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's squadron in the East-Indies, date Port-Cornwallis, Prince of Wales's Island, May 22, 1807—"Your Excellency has undoubtedly, 'ere now received one of my letters, respecting the capture of four brigs out of Batavia Roads.

"Off Cheriboa (a little to the eastward of Batavia) on the 15th of April, we chased and brought to three prows under Dutch colours; at five *p. m.* on its falling calm anchored, out boats and sent them armed to bring the prows alongside; two were brought to the larboard-side, the other hung on the quarter; got the prisoners out of the two alongside (amounting to near 120) and placed a strong guard over them, under the direction of Lieutenant Wemyss, as I intended sending them away after overhauling their cargoes.

Lieut. Parsons had been on board the prow on the quarter, but returned with his people, on finding it impracticable to get the crew from below. I instantly ordered her to be hauled close up, under the quarter, fired a carronade into her and musquetry, which they returned by throwing spears, and firing pistols, &c. got a gun out of the stern ports and fired into her, the sperks of which most unfortunately reached some powder (which must have been carelessly handed out of the prows) abaft, and blew the after part of the ship up: at this alarming moment, the guard over prisoners droppiug their arms, and ran to extinguish the fire.

The prisoners instantly seized their arms, and picked up several spears and knives which had been thrown on board, and attacked the ship; by this time (8 *p. m.*) the fire, most providentially, by great exertion of Officers and Men, was got under, prows cut adrift, and the attention of all hands directed to the defence of the ship, which was admirably performed, for, in little more than half an hour, 80 of them lay dead in a most mangled state, the rest driven overboard; but sorry am I to add, not without severe lots on our side, including those blown overboard, and those who have since died of their wounds.

16. It appears that some doubts are still entertained respecting the Roche-

fort squadron, notwithstanding the intelligence derived from the Mullet schooner. It certainly is most singular, that there should have been so many concurrent reports of that squadron having passed the Streights, if in point of fact they have never entered the Mediterrean. There is, however, we understand, a letter in town from an officer of rank in the Mediterranean, which contains a detailed account of the proceedings of a squadron which corresponded, both in the number and size of the vessels with the Rochfort squadron. This letter states, that the squadron, in passing the streights, kept so near the Barbary coast as possible—that is then continued its course up the Mediterranean, until it reached Carthagena, where it remained some time, for the purpose, as it was supposed, of inducing the Carthagena squadron to form a junction; but the Spanish squadron not being ready to put to sea, the French Commander did not think it prudent to remain any longer, but re-pailed the Streights. This statement we confess, appears to us very improbable. The French squadron might have entered the harbour, and remained there in safety, until the Spaniards were ready to put to sea, which we know they did in a very short time after the Rochefort squadron were supposed to have entered the Mediterranean.

An extraordinary inundation of the river Frome, at Bristol, caused from the uncommon swell of fresh water, occurred in the course of last week in that city. On Wednesday the waters began to rise, and in the course of the night, and following morning, a considerable part of the city was inundated; a stream rushing with the utmost impetuosity, through Newfoundland-street, Milk street, Rosemerry lane, Old King-street, Merchant street, Broadmead, and James's-back. All the avenues and places adjacent, presented one immense sheet of water, in many places four feet high, and at least three feet in the centre of several streets; all the cellars and lower apartments were full, and the inhabitants obliged to fly for refuge to the upper stories. Five or six boats were employed all day in removing the people, and carrying provisions to those who were obliged to remain. The goods upon the banks of the Weir, and the adjoining shops were either swept away, or damaged by the flood.

22. A military force is about to be embarked almost immediately for the Baltic, under the command of Sir John Moore. It is to consist of six thousand British, and about four thousand of the German Legion. The British regiments are the 4th, 28th, 52d, 79th, 82d, and 95th—they are to embark at Harwich.

Another expedition is preparing, the destination of which is rather distant. The number of men to be embarked, it is said, will amount to 20,000. The contractors for shipping have been publicly apprised by the Transport Board, that a considerable number of coppered vessels will be wanted, for which they are at liberty to make immediate tenders.

MARRIED.—At Convamore, county Cork, Richard Maunsel, Esq. fourth son of the Dean of Leighlin to the Hon. Miss Catherine Hare, youngest daughter of the Right Honorable Lord Ennismore.—John O'Sullivan, Macroom, county Cork, Esq. to Miss Aston, Dundalk.—Mr. James Conolly, Stephen's-green, to Miss Teeling.

DEATHS.

At Nenry on the 4th, of April, Miss Cumings—At Clifton, Henrietta Maria, Dowager, Countess of Fingal—At Cork, Mrs. Morgan, widow of the late Mr. Jonathan Morgan, Merchant—Aged six years, at Kilmartin, county Wicklow, Master James John Fox, only child of Thomas Fox, Esq.—Mrs. Boyce, of Stoneyford—At Balyrea, near Armagh, Mrs. Oliver

The late Countess of Mount

THE MOST NOBLE the MARQUIS of DONEGAL.